

TACTICS OF GOLD MEN.

Claims of Both Gold and Silver Advocates.

DOWN IN BLACK AND WHITE.

The Two-Thirds Rule Shall Prevail. Neither Side Seems to Have a Cinch—Hill May Be Temporary Chairman.

CHICAGO, July 3.—It being understood that the territories are to be divided into six votes each, and that the District of Columbia will have six votes, the total number of votes in the convention is 918. Then 430 would be a majority and 612 a two-thirds majority. Of these silver men claim a total of 600 votes.

The gold standard people are left on this basis only these states, with the accompanying vote: Connecticut, 12; Delaware, 6; Florida, 8; Maine, 7; Maryland, 16; Massachusetts, 30; Michigan, 28; Minnesota, 21; New Hampshire, 8; New Jersey, 20; New York, 12; Ohio, 8; Pennsylvania, 64; Rhode Island, 8; South Dakota, 8; Vermont, 8; Wisconsin, 24. Total, 324.

In connection with these figures it will be noticed that silver men lack but 16 votes of having the necessary two-thirds to nominate, but they claim that the eight votes counted for gold in Ohio will come to them after temporary organization, while Michigan votes are also expected. It will further be noticed that Nebraska is figured in the silver column and this is because, while there is a contest, the silver men say that they will see that the gold standard men are not elected.

It is the security in this preponderance of votes that makes the silver leaders confident of ultimate victory. The decision upon the adoption of the two-thirds vote on nominations may be delayed until after temporary and permanent organization and until just as the convention is ready to nominate. Then, unless the gold standard men recognize the superiority of numbers and succumb to the inevitable, the silver men will force the issue and rescind the long-standing rule.

SENSATION IN COURT.

Miss Ashley Fires a Shot at Lucky Baldwin's Head.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 3.—Miss Lillian Ashley of Boston, whose case against E. J. (Lucky) Baldwin, the prominent capitalist and horseman, for seduction under promise of marriage, has been on trial in the superior court here for several weeks, created a sensation in the courtroom by walking over to Baldwin, drawing a revolver and firing at his head. A bystander knocked the weapon aside in time to save Baldwin's life, and the only injury was a slight grazing of the scalp. The woman was removed to the city prison, and it is believed that her mind is unbalanced.

GOLD MEN TAKE HEART.

They Will Make Things Lively at the Chicago Convention.

CHICAGO, July 3.—The announcement that the eastern gold standard leaders, William C. Whitney, Senator Hill and others, would arrive here soon, has put some heart into the gold standard men who are here and the argument in the hotel corridors waxed a little warmer. The rumor of a withdrawal of the gold standard forces from the convention if they are defeated is still current, but it can not be placed in the so far arranged plans of the gold standard people.

The plan arranged is, at least, calculated to make things lively, even if it has not the greater effect, the one the gold standard men desire, of obtaining converts. It is similar to the plan adopted by the New York Democrats during the days preceding the convention of 1892 when in the same halls the orators foretold the destruction of the Democracy if President Cleveland was re-nominated.

The plan is to have Senator Hill, Mr. Whitney, ex-Mayor Grant, John R. Fellows, Senator Smith of New Jersey, ex-Governor Russell of Massachusetts and other well known orators discuss the situation with not only the leaders of the gold standard movement from other states, but with the leaders of the silver movement.

If these discussions, like the Hill and Cleveland discussions of 1892, are to be made public, the result can hardly be foretold, for the silver element here now in such preponderance are of an excitable character.

A conference of the gold standard men is called for Friday night at the Auditorium, and it is believed that a line of action will be mapped out at that time.

STONE ON BLAND.

His Nomination From States Whose Electoral Votes Will Be For Him.

CHICAGO, July 3.—Governor Stone of Missouri was asked if he had noted the report that the eastern gold standard delegates were tending toward Governor Boies. He answered that he had seen such a report in the newspapers, but knew nothing as to its truth. Continuing, the governor said that Mr. Bland and his friends had not expected and do not expect any support from that source. He said:

"Mr. Bland's stand is the personification of the free coinage idea. It is utterly impossible in the very nature of things, that there should be any alliance between him and the single standard and gold people. If he is nominated he will be nominated by the votes of delegates elected as free silver coinage men. I am sure Mr. Bland's nomination will be opposed to the utmost and his defeat

sought by every means possible by the gold power. One thing more—"The states represented here by the single gold standard delegations will not probably cast a single electoral vote for the nomination of this convention. If Mr. Bland is nominated, he will be nominated by the delegates from the states whose electoral votes must be relied upon for success at the polls."

FIRE AT GALVESTON.

Wheat Sheds and Contents Are Destroyed With a Loss of \$150,000.

GALVESTON, July 3.—Galveston had a \$150,000 fire. The Mallory line sheds burned, together with contents. A train of 26 empty freight cars on the track were consumed. The fire started at the foot of Twenty-fifth street and spread in both directions. The firemen could make no headway and the flames licked up everything in reach. The sheds were owned by the Mallory line and the docks burned were the property of the wharf company. Spontaneous combustion is given as the origin of the fire.

Paddle Will Be Abolished.

COLUMBUS, O., July 3.—Solitary confinement will take the place of the paddle as the method of punishment at the Ohio penitentiary. The new solitary cells have arrived and beginning Monday next the new system will be in operation and the barbarous paddle relegated to the relic room. There will also be a new system of holding court, and instead of the prisoner being stripped and led into court he will be given a hearing first. A stand is being erected in the basement of the new hospital and Deputy Dawson will sit in judgment upon the different cases, holding court every morning.

Stung by a Bullet.

WEST UNION, O., July 3.—James Leonard shot and fatally wounded Thomas Whaley at Wrightsville, while the latter was in the act of carrying away a hive full of bees. Leonard had suspected Whaley of stealing from him for some time and was keeping a watch. Whaley will die. Leonard gave himself up.

To Proceed in the Usual Way.

CHICAGO, July 3.—The executive committee of the national Democratic committee have decided to recommend to the full committee that they proceed in the usual way to designate a man for temporary chairman of the national convention.

General Lawton Dead.

CLIFTON SPRINGS, N. Y., July 3.—General A. R. Lawton of Savannah died at the Clifton Springs sanitarium. He had a stroke of paralysis on Friday last from which he did not rally. His remains will be taken to his late home for burial.

Widow Gets Damages.

LANSBORN, O., July 3.—Mrs. Euphemia Putnam has received a verdict in the common pleas court for \$2,500 for the death of her husband, who was accidentally killed in the fire clay mine of John Lyth, near Wellsville.

Cruiser Charleston.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 3.—The cruiser Charleston has returned to this port after an absence of two years in Asiatic waters. The Charleston will soon go to Mare Island to receive a general overhauling.

McLean For President.

CHICAGO, July 3.—The friends of Hon. John R. McLean of Ohio are talking very confidently of the showing they will make for him as a presidential candidate in the convention. He will, they say, have from the beginning not only the support of his own entire delegation, but also the assistance of many delegates from other quarters.

BASERBALL.

Results of the Various Games Played Yesterday—The Standing.

CLUB	W.	L.	P.C.	CLUB	W.	L.	P.C.
Baltimore	28	19	.595	Philadelphia	32	23	.584
Cleveland	26	19	.574	Washington	28	28	.500
Boston	41	22	.650	Brooklyn	28	31	.476
Pittsburgh	31	27	.534	New York	21	31	.404
Chicago	30	30	.500	St. Louis	15	46	.245
				Louisville	11	44	.200

AT WASHINGTON—Washington 0 0 0 0 0 1 0—2 3 4 Boston 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—4 8 0 Batteries—James and McGuire; Nichols and Tenney. Umpire—Hurst.

AT BROOKLYN—Brooklyn 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—4 19 2 Philadelphia 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0 13 0 Batteries—Payne and Grim; Carney and Clements. Umpire—Kinslie.

AT CINCINNATI—Cincinnati 1 0 0 0 1 1 2 0—7 12 1 St. Louis 0 0 0 0 1 1 0 2—0 5 0 4 Batteries—Fisher and Peitz; Hart and McFarland. Umpire—Lynch.

AT CHICAGO—Chicago 3 0 0 0 0 2 0 0—8 13 2 Cincinnati 0 0 0 0 0 2 1 0—7 13 3 Batteries—Briggs and Donohue; Young and O'Connor. Umpire—Keefe and Sheridan.

Western League.

At Kansas City—Kansas City, 3; Milwaukee, 12.

At Indianapolis—Indianapolis, 4; Detroit, 8.

At Newcastles, Pa.—Newcastle, 5; Youngstown, 9.

At Washington, Pa.—Washington, 6; Wheeling, 8.

At Fort Wayne—Fort Wayne, 19; Toledo, 4.

Turf Winners.

At Cincinnati—Hedwink, Irish B, Sir Dilko, Catelone, Minnie Murphy, Mohalska.

At New York—Successful, Forget, Scottish Chieftain, Formal, Paladin, Counselor Howe.

At St. Louis—Hickok, May Thompson, Har-Oldie, Jack B B, Jack Bradley, Neutral, 4.

At Sheffield, Ind.—Tug-a-Zoo, Zenora, Simmons, Miss Young, Canfield.

At Kansas City—Avalon, Wild Mint, Little Chap, Phil Thompson, Long Ten, Thurman.

At Detroit—Galoon, Victor Wilkes, Edie Powers.

Weather Indications.

For Ohio and West Virginia—Fair, except showers on the lakes; fresh to brisk southerly winds.

For Indiana—Generally fair; warmer in southern portion; cooler tonight; southerly winds.

RIOT PROCLAMATION.

Mayor McKisson of Cleveland Issues One.

ONE MAN SHOT AND KILLED.

The Bad Feeling Runs So High in Cleveland That It Is Necessary to Send State Troops to the Scene.

CLEVELAND, July 3.—The strike at the Brown Hoisting company's works has reached a point where the authorities as well as the strikers are in no mood for trifling. When the nonunion men left the works for the day there was rioting. Two hundred and fifty policemen emerged from the gates guarding 53 workmen. An immense crowd had gathered a block away, but the police took a new route and eluded them for the moment. The strikers set upon a yell and ran, soon overtaking the marching column, hooting and yelling. A huge moving van was in the rear, filled with strikers, and with it a small wagon laden with empty beer bottles. The police suspected that the bottles were intended as missiles and compelled the driver of the wagon to turn back. At Wilson avenue and Euclid a railroad train blocked the way and an effort was made to drive the van through the guard of police. The officers dragged to the ground the driver, Fred W. Heaton, a moving contractor, and the man on the seat beside him, W. J. O'Neil, a paving contractor.

These men resisted and the police used their clubs on them with such effect that their heads were soon swollen masses of cars. O'Neil's ankle was broken. The strikers in the van jumped out and the police charged the crowd, using their clubs on all the heads within reach. Frank Coompenhocker, a machinist returning from work, and not a striker, was caught in the crowd and severely clubbed on the head. Heurn was arrested and locked up. The strikers dispersed before the onslaught of the police and the nonunion men were sent home.

Meanwhile a tragedy had taken place at the Brown works. Albert G. Saunders, a young student at Case School of Applied Science, whose father lives at 231 Prospect street, has been working for the Brown company during vacation for the practical knowledge it gives him. He did not leave with the nonunion men under police protection and thought to reach home more direct. Upon Hamilton street a knot of strikers saw him and shouted to him to stop. He did not obey and they began to throw stones and bricks at him.

A brick struck him on the head and knocked him off his wheel, and he claims that after he was down they continued to stone him. Rising to his knees he drew his revolver and fired. The ball missed his assailants, sped across a vacant lot and barbed itself in the breast of William Rettger, one of the strikers, who was walking through an alley with several companions. Rettger was sent to a hospital, where he died in a few minutes. He was a single man, 25, boarding on Hoadley street, and was a brother of Pitcher Rettger of the Milwaukee baseball club.

Patrolman Gibbons heard the shot fired and rushing up seized young Saunders and hurried him into the office of the Bishop-Babcock company. In a wonderfully short space of time a furious crowd, which packed the street as far as the eye could reach, surged against the front of the office demanding that Saunders be given up to it. Some one brought a rope and the cry to lynch him was raised. A few began to pry at the windows of the office when Patrolman Gibbons, who was once a union workman, addressed the mob and partly quieted it. Two patrol wagon loads of police arrived and a guard was posted in front of the building.

Long before this Mayor McKisson, Police Director Abbott, Lieutenant Colonel Whitney of the Fifth regiment and others were gathered for consultation in the city hall. Word of the critical condition of affairs was telephoned to them from the Bishop-Babcock office and a request made for militia. The mayor responded by ordering out the Cleveland City guards and company F to the scene of the riot.

The guards arrived first, just as the mob was preparing for another effort to capture Saunders. As the soldiers came down the street the mob shrieked and howled and the guards were compelled to open a way for themselves with leveled bayonets. Several men and boys were wounded slightly by the soldiers. The guards formed in front of the office and just then company F was sent alighting from streetcars a block away. Amid a frenzy of excitement on the part of the dense crowd a patrol wagon was backed to the door of the office and Saunders was jerked into it. The wagon and the soldiers proceeded rapidly to the central police station. Saunders, whose head is badly cut up, is a prisoner, charged with the killing of Rettger.

The mayor will cause a proclamation declaring the riot act to be in force to be posted in the neighborhood of the Brown works.

Big Whisky Collections.

LAWRENCEBURG, Ky., July 3.—The collections on tax-paid whisky at the office of Deputy James M. Posey during the fiscal year just closed amounted to \$161,108.46. This amount is for whisky stamps alone, but exceeds by over half the total collections of the entire district, composed of 28 counties.

Whitney Party En Route.

NEW YORK, July 3.—Headed by William C. Whitney, a gold standard contingent left for Chicago over the New York Central railway. The party included as guests of Mr. Whitney, United States Senators Gray of Delaware and

Smith of New Jersey, ex-Governor Russell of Massachusetts, District Attorney John R. Fellows, Naval Officer Christopher C. Baldwin, State Chairman James W. Hinkley, National Committeeman William F. Sheehan, Hugh J. Grant and George E. M. Harvey, Mr. Whitney's secretary. At Albany Senator Hill and Smith M. Weed will join the party. Senator Murphy, ex-Governor Flower and Frederick R. Conder were invited to join, but could not.

The Whitney party travels in three private coaches.

Land Swindler Found Guilty.

SANTA FE, N. M., July 3.—The jury in the case against James Addison Peckinpaugh, charged with attempting to defraud the government with an alleged Spanish grant covering 12,000,000 acres of land in Arizona, returned a verdict of guilty. Judge Laughlin postponed sentence till July 18, at which time he will hear arguments for a new trial.

FAREWELL OF A SUICIDE.

Who Is My Darling Baby Girl, Addressed by D. F. Vernon?

COLUMBUS, O., July 3.—D. F. Vernon, who committed suicide at Bridgeport, Conn., by shooting himself through the head, left a letter addressed to Miss Gertrude Frye of Columbus, O., residence 195 Oak street. Another letter in his possession was addressed to "My darling baby girl." Both letters contain affectionate farewells.

A reporter endeavored to find the Miss Gertrude Frye in this city to whom his letter might be addressed. There is no 195 on Oak street and no family of Fryes could be found living near. The only Miss Gertrude Frye known in the city is the artist. A call was made at her apartments where it was learned that she is out of town. As Miss Frye has lived in the east, it is possible that she is the lady referred to in the suicide's letter.

WOMEN TAKE A HAND.

Situation Among the Striking Quarrymen at Berea.

CLEVELAND, July 3.—The striking quarrymen at Berea have quieted down somewhat. Some of them tore up some water pipe at Quarry No. 6, crippling it. Workmen tried to repair it, but were beset by a crowd of Polish women with clubs and stones, who compelled them to seek refuge in a shed. Two special officers went to their rescue and only succeeded in dispersing the women by drawing their revolver and threatening to shoot.

THE DAVIS MONUMENT.

Break Demonstration of the Confederate Veterans at Richmond.

RICHMOND, July 3.—The cornerstone of the monument to be erected at Monroe park to the memory of Jefferson Davis was laid with ceremonies which were impressive and pathetic. Under a bright sun and sky, through densely packed streets and with the applause of countless thousands, the followers of the lost cause marched through the city which is dearer to the old Confederate than any other in the land.

Two hundred children, boys and girls, wearing white and red sashes, followed the police who cleared the way and led the procession. The chief marshal, General Gordon, in civilian dress, looked a royal commander as did Governor O'Ferrall who rode with bared head. Mrs. Jefferson Davis was in an open carriage and bowed and smiled as the cheers greeted her on every side.

The sponsors and maids of honor, chosen for their beauty from all the southern states, rode in carriages following that of Mrs. Davis. The military, under command of Brigadier General Phillips, represented the pick of southern soldiers. North Carolina was the first state to exhibit a tattered battle flag, and as it fluttered in the breeze it was greeted with great cheers.

The veterans made the pathetic picture of the parade. Nearly all are old

Highest of all in Leavening Power—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

and for the most part weak and feeble, but summoning their remaining strength they marched with pride. On the backs of the marchers were bullet-torn Confederate coats, old canteens and knapsacks.

When the procession reached the park the military formed a square around the grounds, preventing any but those in the parade from entering the enclosure. The grand lodge of Masons, escorted by the Knights Templar, marched to the park, where the cornerstone was laid with Masonic ceremonies. Prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. George H. Ray. At the close of the Masonic exercises the howitzers out on the Lee monument grounds fired a salute of 13 guns.

Hon. J. Taylor Ellison, president of the Davis Monument association, came forward and called on Bishop Johnson C. Granberry to offer prayer. General Stephen D. Lee was introduced as the orator of the occasion and made an address. The benediction closed the exercises and the reunion.

It is the last and greatest day of the sixth annual reunion of the United Confederate Veterans' association which has brought to Richmond altogether about 12,000 veterans, besides thousands of other visitors. The exercises have added 30,000 visitors and young soldiers to the vast throng.

The monument of which the cornerstone was laid will cost \$400,000 and will be one of the most magnificent memorials in the United States. The site was donated by the city council.

Offer From a Dime Museum.

PORTSMOUTH, O., July 3.—Rev. L. D. McKinney, the old gentleman who recently indulged in an ante-mortem funeral, has an offer from a Chicago museum to pose as a star attraction at \$100 per week and will without doubt accept. It is also given out that he is soon to be married to Miss Elsie Desselman, a young lady of Syracuse, N. Y.

OUR STORE

—WILL BE—

OPEN TO-MORROW, JULY 4,

As Usual Until 11 P. M.

LOEWENSTEIN BROS.,

CLOTHIERS AND FURNISHERS,

28 and 30 Union Block. - - - Public Square.

A GREAT BUY!

The manufacturers are aware of the fact that we are the people to sell Shoes rapidly. There isn't hardly a day but that we get some tempting offer from the manufacturing centers. A few days ago we were offered one thousand pairs of Ladies' \$3.00 and \$3.50 Chocolate Tan Shoes, in lace and button, heel and spring heel, at 60 per cent. off their regular factory price. The Shoes are up-to-date, all sizes and widths, and they are yours now for

\$1.98 A Pair.

THINK OF IT.

The latest style Tan Shoes at almost half price, right in the middle of the season. If you don't need them now, buy them for future use. The most comfortable, the easiest, the best wearing Shoes you can buy, and as cheap as common Shoes. Tell your friends, tell your neighbors of this great sale, and have them all buy at

GOODING'S,

230 NORTH MAIN STREET.

WANT TO GO TO CUBA.

TWO WOMEN WHO WILL GO TO THE PATRIOTS BY NURSING THE WOUNDED.

Mrs. Angel and Her Husband Will Go to Cuba With an Expedition of Their Own. Mrs. Angel is an Excellent Nurse and Miss Rettig quite an Athlete.

"Within a fortnight we shall be approaching the shores of Cuba," said Mrs. Angel, formerly Mrs. Hill, as she recounted the ups and downs of her determined little mission in a way which seemed to bid defiance to all the forces of the signposts or any one else who might attempt to stop her.

Every one who visits the tent of the sanitary corps at the Cuban fair in New York remembers pretty Mrs. Hill, who always represented the Cuban "new woman" by appearing in the full uniform of a Cuban soldier. Her willingness to suit handsome by Albert Angel, of the sanitary corps was one of the events of the fair.

As was stated at the time, Mrs. Angel is a cousin of General Fitz Hugh Lee, United States consul general in Havana. She is a trained nurse, and both she and her husband are members of the Red Cross society. Their object in going to Cuba is to care for sick and wounded insurgent soldiers. Yesterday Mrs. Angel said her husband talked of their plans.

"We had expected to be in Cuba before this," she said, "but as we are American citizens the junta did not care to take the responsibility of sending us with a regular filibustering expedition until the Competitor came in Madrid had been decided. So after a month's wearisome delay we decided to organize a little expedition of our own and to carry out our plan without the assistance of any of the Cuban leaders in this city."

"There will be four in our party. Two orderly sergeants, both of whom have been on the battlefield for the Red Cross society before, will accompany us."

"We at first thought of proceeding directly to Havana and there requesting General Weyler to pass us through the trenches into the insurgent lines under a Red Cross flag of truce, but this would have necessitated our soliciting the good offices of General Fitz Hugh Lee, and I did not want to place him in a position where any efforts which he might make in our behalf could be charged to his personal interest in me as a relative."

"Our present plan is to ship as part of the crew on board some tramp steamer sailing between New York and Cuba. The steamer will put us off in a small boat somewhere off the coast of the province of Santiago."

"Through a secret channel, which we cannot make public, we are at present in communication with some of the insurgent generals. They will know of our departure and will have a party of men to meet us when we disembark. We shall take with us a liberal supply of surgical instruments, antiseptics, etc."

"In all probability I shall wear the same canvas uniform in which I appeared at the Cuban fair."

Mrs. Angel was asked if she did not fear some of the dangers from Spanish bullets and Cuban fevers to which she would be subjected.

"Oh, no," she replied, smiling. "I was for several years a nurse on Blackwell's island, and even the Cuban horrors cannot be a great deal worse than what I have been through there."

Miss Rettig, daughter of the late Captain William M. Rettig, has seen General Tomas Estrada Palma, head of the Cuban revolutionary party in this country, and will probably accompany the next expedition to Cuba. She is anxious to add the cause of Cuba Libre by nursing the sick soldiers of the army of patriots.

Miss Rettig speaks Spanish fluently and is a college graduate. She is a very courageous young woman, who knows how to handle a horse as well as a boat, and she is said to be an excellent rifle shot.

When General Palma heard that she wanted to go to Cuba, there were tears in the veteran soldier's eyes.

"You may have to endure great hardships," said the general, "and I don't like to send a woman to Cuba."

"I know that," said Miss Rettig. "My father was a great friend of the Cubans, and I am determined to do something toward the Cuban cause. Give me a chance, and I will prove that the American women are just as anxious to see your beloved island free as you are."

Miss Rettig is now making preparations to go to Cuba.—New York World.

Where Extremes Meet.

A Nebraska farmer killed himself the other day because ripe grain covered his broad acres and there was none to help him gather it. In some parts of the country about stout and willing men are out of work, and yet the position which drove this western farmer to despair is not uncommon in that part of the country where fields are biggest and the labor market least crowded.—Cleveland Leader.

Savin the Country.

By jolly, we've saved the country; There isn't a doubt of that, But the trouble is, Jim, I'm afeelin' shabby, For I'm fit 'n' rusty 'n' dead!

"These drinks for the boys in the morning, An' drinks for the boys at night, With cigars between, Till you never seen The equal of that there fight."

I fetched out plenty of money— The price of the hay on the black— But I'd dollars burned Wherever I turned Till I simply can't get back.

So Jim, as I was a-sayin', Till I can get home again, You could make me feel Like a dancin' man, By a-kettin' me have a fun.

Ah, thank you, old man, thank you; The country's saved to a charm, An' I reckon as how I'd better go now, An' proceed to save the farm! —Frank Putnam in Chicago Times-Herald.

The South American Labor Market.

The South American labor market is a very interesting one. It is a market where the laborer is not a slave, but a free man. He is not a slave because he is not owned by any one. He is a free man because he is free to go where he pleases. He is not a slave because he is not forced to work for any one. He is a free man because he is free to work for any one. He is not a slave because he is not owned by any one. He is a free man because he is free to go where he pleases. He is not a slave because he is not forced to work for any one. He is a free man because he is free to work for any one.

The scarcity of labor in a service for in the industrial world of South America. It is a scarcity which is not a scarcity of labor, but a scarcity of labor. It is a scarcity which is not a scarcity of labor, but a scarcity of labor. It is a scarcity which is not a scarcity of labor, but a scarcity of labor. It is a scarcity which is not a scarcity of labor, but a scarcity of labor. It is a scarcity which is not a scarcity of labor, but a scarcity of labor.

Paul Potter.

These boys who draw on slates and whose time and thoughts are constantly running to pictures sometimes turn out to be great artists and leave splendid names behind them. In the great picture gallery at The Hague, which is at once the pride and joy of all true Dutchmen, hangs among other masterpieces, the most famous animal picture in all the world. It is called "The Bull." It was painted by a very young man, whose name was Paul Potter, and who was only 22 when he signed this canvas. There are few paintings better known, and it is acknowledged by art critics to be the most complete work that any cattle painter has ever done.

Though this Dutchman died at the age of 23, he left behind him 149 pictures that were all out of the ordinary, while some of them were painted before he was 18. He made, when he was 18, a wonderful picture that attracted attention in the old town of Deift, and an artist in those days had to do excellent work to secure notice at all. Potter's works are greatly prized and are found in the principal galleries of the world. You may see them in the National gallery in London; the Berlin, Dresden and Vienna museums; the Hermitage in St. Petersburg; the Louvre in Paris, and all the art institutions of the artist's native land.—Arthur Hoebner in St. Nicholas.

Where the Beaver Dived.

Forest and Stream prints from a photograph a wood scene that should bring a faraway look into the beaver trapper's eyes the moment he sees it. There are fallen logs in a tangle of brush trees denuded of leaves mostly, and down a slight incline, surrounded by the brush, is a pool. Ripples of water are wagging the shadows of the trees, which were caused by a beaver that had just dived, alarmed by the approach of E. Hofer, who took the photograph.

No picture is so suggestive to a sportsman as one which shows where game has been. Sportsmen's papers print photographs of the tracks of deer, bears and other game, and these are more suggestive than a view of the game itself. A fox's track, leading away across the snow covered fields, or the ripple where a fish has slapped the water's surface are full of life to a sportsman. There is a chance with such evidence before him of exercising his craft and skill.

It is related of an amateur photographer of field scenes that one day he tried to catch a running gray squirrel with his little camera. When the negative was developed, he found that he had a picture of the animal's tail alone, but because of the very incompleteness of the scene he values that picture above any six in his collection.

A Grave Blunder.

A German gentleman one day received a telegram from the proprietor of a hotel in the south of France informing him of the death of his aunt, and asking for particulars as to the disposal of the body. The gentleman begged that the body might be sent to Cologne, and, after telegraphing to the deceased's relations to assemble in that city, traveled thither himself. In due time the coffin arrived. On being opened it was found to contain the body, not of an aunt, but of a Russian general in full uniform. Further telegrams elicited the information that the coffin containing the body of the deceased lady had been forwarded in error to the relatives of the Russian general at St. Petersburg. Urgent telegrams were dispatched to St. Petersburg, and after three days of anxious waiting this answer was received: "Your aunt has been interred with full military honors."—London Tit-Bits.

Incapacitated.

"Heavens!" shrieked he, "what in my anger have I done?" He roared.

"I have been tearing my hair," he gasped.

One glance into the mirror was enough to tell him that he could no longer be considered a piano virtuoso of the first class.—Pick Me Up.

Unappreciative.

Tommy—Paw, what is a designing villain?

Mr. Figg—Oh, the description would apply to one of these poster artists about as well as anything.—Indianapolis Journal.

VENETIAN GLASS.

AN ANCIENT ART, RECENTLY REVIVED IN THE ISLAND OF MURANO.

These Works of Art, Not Manufactured, Are Produced—How the Descendants of the Old Venetian Glassworkers Make Beautiful Articles of Use and Ornament.

Among the legends nearly due north of Venice, in the island of Murano, there lives a race of men who seem to have a great future. They are the descendants of the old Venetian glassworkers, and of late years they have been reviving the ancient art which made Murano famous in the past of glassmaking.

The old Venetian glass was what is commonly called blown, but the name gives a very small idea of the manufacture. These glass has certain characteristics which give it its beauty and value for art purposes, and though you may neglect these and force it to make forms utterly foreign to its nature you are producing not works of art, but mere curiosities. Whatever glass may be, it is in its nature state not crystalline, so that nature is outraged when we grind it into sharp angular forms that belong rather to other materials. The old Venetian glass was light, bright, vivacious in appearance and stained with the richest possible colors, and all these qualities are retained in the newly revived manufacture at Murano.

There is one more strong point in favor of glass blown and worked over than molded—namely, that every individual piece is an original art, and as it is almost impossible that any two should be exactly alike, unless their form is very simple indeed, the buyer chooses according to his fancy and is sure that no one else possesses a piece exactly the same size and shape. In the manufacture of the ordinary cut glass minimum (red lead) is frequently added to increase its brightness, but this destroys at once the characteristic lightness, and causing it to cool more rapidly, quite prevents the possibility of working it in the proper delicate and malleable condition.

The Murano material is worked as the ancient Venetian glass made on the same island used to be, and all the old methods have been discovered, or at least the same effects have been produced. The flames, perhaps more strange than beautiful, the millstone, the smelting, including perfect imitations of agates, chalcedons, lapis lazuli, etc., for mosaic, the aqua marina, rich ruby colors, the brilliant aventurin, all are here, and many other kinds of work, some of which are imitations of the old glass, and some new inventions.

The tools used are a hollow reed of iron, a few instruments like shears, of different sizes, and a stamp with a strawberry shaped die. The end of the rod is dipped into molten glass of, say, ruby color, and a portion accumulated on its end. If too much or too little is taken, the wineglass will not be of the right size, and if the metal, as it is called, is not of the right temperature, the color will be too dark or too light. The lamp is rolled on a table into symmetry and heated again. A few turns of the rod and a breath or two through it, and a hollow ball appears at the end. One extra puff of the breath and the bowl would be too large and too thin. A boy brings up a small portion of white glass, which he has picked out of another reservoir and blown hollow. This must be so hot as almost to drop off the rod, and must be ready at the exact moment. He touches the bowl with it, and the two adhere like sealing wax. A pull assunder and one dextrous twist forms the delicate stem of the wineglass upon which three little lumps of glass are then stuck and stamped as strawberries and the whole is again introduced into the furnace, where it would instantly drop out of shape but for the deft manipulation which it undergoes.

By the time it is heated the boy is ready with another globe of glass, perhaps of a different color, which he causes to adhere to the bottom of the stem. The man spins it around between his shears, nipping part of it almost off, and thus gaining the right quantity of metal for the foot, no less and no more. One tap on an iron ledge breaks the superfluous piece, and leaves a small hole at the point of the fracture. Once more the action of the fire is called in to soften the brittle material, and when the pear shaped ends come out the points of the closed shears are introduced to widen the opening into a cuplike form.

A small lump of aventurin is by this time on the end of the boy's rod, melted and only saved from dropping by his dexterity. One touch and it adheres to the end of the cup just formed. He puts it out and winds it around, adhering as it goes to the edge. Again the fire does its duty, and then the artist finishes the form of the foot, detaching immediately the bulb at the top from his hollow rod. Another rod, with a molten piece of glass, is prepared for him by the boy's ready co-operation, and is pressed against the center of the foot, to which it adheres. Into the fire goes the whole piece, and when withdrawn the bowl of the glass is partly shaped by the shears, aventurin wound around the edge as before with the foot. A last heat, and with artistic care the delicate, crocodile-like bowl, which is some day to contain the sparkling wine, is completed.—London Globe.

The Minutelessness of Spores.

Every plant in the vegetable kingdom springs from and produces seeds. The mushroom and the fungi in general are no exceptions, only that their reproductive bodies are termed "spores." Some fungi spores are so inconceivably minute that it would require more than 800,000,000 of them placed side by side to cover the space of a square inch.—St. Louis Republic.

You will, I believe, in general ingratiate yourself with others still less by paying them too much court than too little.—Lord Greville.

UNDER THE SNOW.

Under the snow a secret by day, Under the snow.

And in the night the coming of snow And the snow under the snow.

Under the snow sleeps a song, my love, Under the snow.

And the snow melts to buttercups fair, On the velvet call in soft summer air.

This song sleeps under the snow.

Under the snow sleeps a prayer, my sweet, Under the snow.

And it waits in a hope on the cross leaf, And prays for life in the warmth of death.

This prayer, my sweet, sleeps under the snow.

A DETECTIVE'S PAPER.

Some of the Curious Items and Adventures That It Contains.

The American Hawkshaw will go down into literature outside of the dime novel and the detective story, for he has a newspaper of his own, says an exchange. It is unique addition to the list of class papers published monthly and it is devoted to the interests of detectives and policemen.

His news columns are given over to a bulletin of more than \$15,000 in cash rewards, with a veritable rogues' gallery of pictures and descriptions of "crooks wanted," while the latest swindling schemes and methods of detection are fully explained for its crime investigating readers. It is interesting to read that "if you want to succeed as a detective you should understand a byzantium."

"Do you need bracelets in your business?" queries a dealer in patent nippers, handcuffs and "dark lanterns."

"Mustache, whiskers—just the things to change your appearance when shadowing," suggests another advertiser, while "skeleton keys to open 5,000 desks, drawers, trunks and padlocks, set of six," are offered to the profession at \$1. It is rather gruesome to learn that "100 spot cash buys a pair of thoroughbred English bloodhounds, only 10 months old, and already keep a cold trail better than most old dogs; best investment a sheriff or special officer can make." Also, "for 25 cents you can learn how to detect counterfeit money."

The most novel article is a brief treatise on "psychology" as applied to crime detection. The departments of "Police Pickings" and "Secret Service Snap Shots" contain suggestive items all the way from the fact that the city council at Colfax, Wash., has decided "to reduce its police force to one man" to the statement that "New York has 94 policemen to the square mile."

In an article on the future of the detective service the detective writer declares that "dime novel writers have done amateur detectives more mischief than anything or anybody in existence, but remember truth is stranger than fiction."

The editor estimates that the "average earnings of private detectives are: First year, \$500; second year, \$1,500; third year, \$3,000." He says: "If all the detectives and police in the United States should lay off for a month every citizen would have to fix up his nose like an arsenal to protect his family and property."

Jay Gould Letter in a Carlo Shop.

In a little old curio shop in Third Avenue is an odd letter written by Jay Gould away back in 1854, before Gould began to dicker in railroads and when he was an obscure and respected surveyor.

The letter was written by Gould to the late A. M. Sherman, and it was an appeal for the loan of a surveyor's level, the young surveyor offering to give the topography of the Newburgh and Syracuse railroad for it. Just before his death a few years ago Jay Gould attempted to buy the letter for \$25, but it had been sold the day before. Not long ago, however, the letter came back into the possession of the curio dealer, and a few days ago he sent his young son around to George Gould's office with it, instructing him to offer it for sale for \$25, the price the senior Gould had offered to pay.

George Gould was pleased with the old, worn and yellow letter. He read it and then laughingly said:

"I declare, that's funny. My father wrote that." However, he refused to give more than \$5 for it, which offer the curio dealer refused.

After 42 years the letter is as plain as the day it was written. But the paper, a full sized letter sheet, written on both sides, is worn at the edges. The handwriting is plain and flowing, with a decided tendency to flourish. Two words are misspelled—barometrical and "dammeage."

But queerest of all is the length of the epistle. Jay Gould was noted for the brevity of his business letters. Three lines often sufficed him, when his wealth was nearly \$100,000,000, to transact business involving millions. But as a poor surveyor he needed plenty of verbiage to get around the loan of a \$20 level.—New York Letter.

Comment on the Coronation.

Five millions sterling for a coronation! Is there a principle upon which an expenditure like that can be even plausibly justified? Is it not the waste of a Belshazzar, the display of an almost insane pride, a pouring out of treasure as oriental kings sometimes pour it out, solely to excite an emotion of glory in one overated mind? Nothing could induce an Englishman to vote such a sum for such an object, and England could spare the money at least ten times as readily as Russia.—London Spectator.

Eating and Weight.

One of the superstitions perpetuated from age to age among the common people is that the human body weighs no more after a meal than before. If there were any foundation of fact in this idea, no human being could ever get fat.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The chancellor of the duchy of Lancaster follows the chancellor of the exchequer and is himself succeeded by the lord chief justice of the queen's bench.

A TRUE FISH STORY.

Don't Read It if You Are Not Prepared to Believe It.

We give a very fair warning that this is a fish story. More than that, it is a story of a fish with legs. Now, all who are not prepared to believe any story right here, for this is a true story, and to doubt it would be to question the veracity of one of Ellsworth's best citizens, a man held high in the esteem of his fellows, and whose word is good. This is the story as he told it to the reporter:

Some years ago he was employed in lumbering on the west branch of the Penobscot. His camp was at North Twin Lake. In camp with him was a man who declared he had caught trout with legs. Of course he was laughed at, but I had his time to prove his story. One Sunday he proposed to the Ellsworth man a fishing trip. It was a ten mile tramp across country to the pond he wished to visit, but that was considered but a short jaunt to these woods-men experienced in the use of snowshoes.

The trip was made, and in the course of a few hours' fishing a dozen or more trout were caught. As the Ellsworth man stooped to pick up his fish he noticed something peculiar about one of them that was breathing his last. In unison with the opening and the closing of the gills something having the appearance of legs was stretched out from the fish's body. He called to his companion to see what manner of fish he had caught, but that individual calmly remarked: "Oh, that's one of those trout with legs I was telling you about. They're all that way in this pond."

Examination proved this to be the fact. Each fish was supplied with six legs—three on each side—which folded so closely to the body as to be hardly noticeable except on close inspection. But they were legs sure enough. The pond where these remarkable fish were caught is situated on Saddleback mountain. It is a small pond, covering only about 20 acres, and has neither inlet nor outlet. It is said that there is a similar pond on Mount Katahdin where the six legged trout are caught. The fish caught by the Ellsworth man were exhibited at Bangor. He will not say that the trout may still be caught. Possibly they have taken to the land and walked off.—Ellsworth (Me.) American.

The Only Way.

Mr. William Spark in his "Musical Memoirs" tells a story of the famous Wesley which was related to him by Mr. Bishop, the London organ builder. Wesley was a great extemporaneous fugue player, and on the occasion to which Mr. Bishop referred had been asked to show off a new organ by playing a voluntary at the afternoon service previous to the reading of the first lesson. Before going to the organ he asked the vicar, who was an amateur organist, how long the voluntary should last.

"Oh," replied the vicar, "please yourself, Mr. Wesley. Say five or ten minutes, but we should like to hear as much of the different stops as you can oblige us with."

When the time came, after a few preliminary chords, Wesley started a fugue subject, which he worked out in a masterly way in about a quarter of an hour, and the vicar was about to commence reading the lesson when the mechanism of the organ started a second subject, and then he developed it in the same abstract elaborate manner as the first.

The congregation at the end of half an hour began to show signs of weariness. The vicar beckoned to Mr. Bishop and begged him to stop the two preliminary subjects.

"Oh," replied the organ builder, "I can soon stop him if you give me authority and will take the consequences." He approached the organ blower, and holding up half a crown he said loudly: "Come and take this. I am just going."

The blower pumped the bellows full and made for the half crown. Bishop detained him until the wind went out with a suck and a grunt, and poor Wesley was left high and dry in the middle of his double fugue.

Qualifications Needed For Consulship.

Anybody at all familiar with the duties of an American consul, anybody who knows what is expected of him by the department of state and what he is called upon to do by the public, will agree that he should neither be the product nor the victim of capricious political partisanship. He should be appointed upon his merits after careful examination and retained upon the same basis. There should be a career for the consul. There should be reward for merit, and he should suffer for incompetency.

Primarily the consul should be a gentleman, meaning thereby an honorable and educated man, familiar with the amenities and graces of good society. The next and absolutely necessary requirement should be an intelligent knowledge of the language of the post to which he is assigned. He need not be a professor of German or French or Spanish or Italian, but he should be able to speak and write intelligently the language of the country to which he is commissioned.—Scribner's.

Fateful.

Mr. Hardlot—One thing, our son John can never love his wife by telling her what a fine cook his mother was.

Mrs. Hardlot—What do you mean?

Mr. Hardlot—He can never forget that his old father died from dyspepsia.—Kansas City Star.

Any citizen of the United States may file in the patent office a claim to a partial invention, stating that he has not yet completed it and praying protection until he shall have had time to bring it to perfection.

The Order of Barons was established by James I in 1611. This title is found in no country of the continent, existing only in the British dominions.

Bank

President Isaac Lewis of Sabina, Ohio, is highly respected all through that section. He has lived in Clinton 75 years, and has been president of the Sabina Bank 20 years. He gladly testifies to the merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and what he says is worthy attention. All brain workers find Hood's Sarsaparilla peculiarly adapted to their needs. It makes pure, rich, red blood, and from this comes nerve, mental, bodily and digestive strength. "I am glad to say that Hood's Sarsaparilla is a very good medicine, especially as a blood purifier. It has done me good many times. For several years I suffered greatly with pains of

Neuralgia

in one eye and about my temples, especially at night when I had been having a hard day of physical and mental labor. I took many remedies, but found help only in Hood's Sarsaparilla which cured me of rheumatism, neuralgia and headache. Hood's Sarsaparilla has proved itself a true friend. I also take Hood's Pills to keep my bowels regular, and like the pills very much." ISAAC LEWIS, Sabina, Ohio.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists \$1. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Is prompt, efficient and easy in effect. 25 cents.

Legal Notice.

Daniel S. Brown and Cornelia Brown, his wife, residing at Dale, Oklahoma Territory, and the unknown heirs of Benjamin Harrison deceased, will take notice that on the 26th day of June, 1896, Hattie H. Hoover filed her petition in the Common Pleas Court of Allen county, Ohio in case No. 8804, against the above named parties praying to have her title quieted, that part of said section 16 (17) in the city of Lima, Allen county, Ohio, which is bounded and described as follows: Commencing at the southeast corner of said section; thence running north forty-seven feet; thence west to the east line of the alley thence south to the southwest corner of said section; thence east to the place of beginning, as against any claim of any of the defendants.

Said parties are required to answer on or before August 27th, 1896, or judgment may be taken against them. HATTIE H. HOOVER, By Prophet & Eastman, her attorneys. 6-25-96

An Early Call

Druggist (awakened at 2 a. m.)—What d'ye want? Customer—If you'll let me look in your directory to see how to address this letter I will buy a stamp of you.

DISEASES OF THE SKIN.

The intense itching and smarting incident to eczema, tetter, salt-rheum, and other diseases of the skin is instantly allayed by applying Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment. Many very bad cases have been permanently cured by it. It is equally efficient for itching piles and a favorite remedy for sore nipples, chapped hands, chilblains, frost bites, and chronic sore eyes. For sale by druggists at 25 cents per box.

Try Dr. Cady's Condition Powders, they are just what a horse needs when in bad condition. Tonic, blood purifier and vermifuge.

Don't Stop Him!

He has a bad attack of colic and is making for Vorkamp's drug store after a bottle of Foley's Diarrhoea and Colic Cure. Use 50c.

Woman Suffrage in the Church.

The great Methodist Episcopal church is meditating a more liberal and enlightened policy toward its women. The Pennsylvania conference has voted to accept women as lay delegates, and at no distant day the general conference (which once denied admission to Frances Willard) will grant a place to women as voting delegates. This will, of course, lead speedily to the ordination of women to the Methodist ministry. The importance of giving women their rightful place in the government of the church and in its preaching and pastoral services can hardly be overestimated.

When women help to formulate the expressions of religious faith which contribute so powerfully to mold personal religious convictions, then the church will be humanized, and whether it be a man or a woman who ministers from the pulpit, the genius of the church, the spirit of the religion he or she teaches, will be broadly and highly, strongly and tenderly, bravely and purely human and divine.—Caroline J. Bartlett.



CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS
SICK HEADACHE
Positively cured by these Little Pills.
They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Cravings, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Croaked Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.
Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

STRANGERS NOW.

They Farted, and the Pain of It Went With the Farting—A Lima Citizen is Happy Now.

"Farting"—A word of sorrow generally. Exceptions, yes. Sometimes "his joy." Farting with friends may be joyful. But farting with pain must be joyful. For instance, a pain in the back. Not a friend, you will say. Oh, yes, but it sticks like one. A back that is weak or aching. A back that is in need. It is warning you of danger to come. It is the kidneys talking trouble. Aches and pains near the small of the back. And if the kidneys are troubled, so is the back.

Need the warning backache brings. Or things more serious follow. Urinary troubles, Diabetes, Bright's Disease, part with them before it is too late. Bad back and a Lima lady.

Are now strangers—they parted. There was no sorrow or regret when Mrs. Jane Smith, who lives at No. 725 Greenlawn avenue, parted with her kidney complaint. It was joy. No wonder. Three years of almost uninterrupted suffering ended by the simple act of sending to the drug store of W. H. Melville, No. 147 North Main street, for Doan's Kidney Pills. This is Mrs. Smith's experience. "For three years my back has kept up nearly the whole time one constant dull lingering ache. It ached day times and frequently ached nights. I would feel an insupportable weariness, particularly mornings, and I was afflicted with pains from my kidneys that seemed to penetrate right through me. I obtained Doan's Kidney Pills, having read of them, and immediately began taking them. I found that they were correcting the urinary trouble that had annoyed me. I am at present very much better of the lameness over my kidneys and I sleep well at night. There is not the same depressing feeling in my back that there was before taking them. My kidneys must have deranged the digestive organs, for since using Doan's Kidney Pills my much relief from indigestion has ensued. I feel that I am being permanently cured, and I have increased the dose from three or four to nine each day. I can strongly recommend Doan's Kidney Pills. Anyone suffering as I have will find it to their advantage to try them."

Doan's Kidney Pills are sold for 50 cents per box. For sale by all dealers; sent by mail on receipt of price. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the U. S.

On a hot day there's nothing like a cold drink of HIRE'S Rootbeer to make you forget it's Summer. Easy to make.

Sole agents for The Charles H. Hires Co., Philadelphia. A six package makes 6 gallons. Sold every where.

WM. PUGH,

ICE DEALER.

Send your orders to telephone 31. All orders promptly attended to. Office, 807 E. High Street.

MONEY TO LOAN.

I have Eastern money to loan at a very low rate of interest. Why pay 8 and 9 per cent when you can get it so cheap. Call on me before you borrow.

T. E. WILKINS.

Rooms 9 and 10, Opera Block, Second Floor, Lima, Ohio.

WINONA LAKE EXCURSIONS.

Special Rates via Pennsylvania Lines for Winona Assembly.

Season excursion tickets to Winona Lake (formerly Eagle Lake, Ind.) will be sold by Pennsylvania Lines on and after June 21st. The return limit will include Oct. 31st, allowing a season's sojourn at this delightful resort. Special low rate tickets, good returning fifteen days from date of sale, will also be sold during the months of June, July and August.

Winona Lake is the site of Winona Assembly, which affords notable opportunities for recreation, instruction, entertainment and devotion. The Assembly grounds, comprising over 200 acres, surround the Lake, a beautiful sheet of clear water near Warsaw, Ind., on the Fort Wayne Route. Many pretty cottages have been erected on the grounds, which are nicely shaded. The improvements include a fine park, bicycle track and ball ground, with a large amphitheater; an auditorium seating over 3,000 persons; college halls, hotel, restaurants, and supply stores. Rates for entertainment at the hotel and boarding houses will be found very reasonable. The fishing is fine, and the large fleet of row boats and steamers afford facilities for delightful boating. The summer school will be in session from July 20th to August 14th, in charge of Dr. John M. Coulter. In August a Bible Conference will be held under the direction of Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman. Well-known educators and lecturers will take part in the educational work. Time may be pleasantly and profitably passed at this pleasant resort, and body and mind invigorated by health-giving recreation and instructive entertainment.

For rates and information about train facilities apply to Ticket Agents of the Pennsylvania Lines, or address F. Van Dusen, Chief Assistant General Passenger Agent, Pittsburgh, Pa. For information concerning the Assembly address Rev. R. V. Hunter, Eagle Lake P. O., Ind.

Fourth of July Excursion Rates on the Erie Railroad.

July 3rd and 4th the Erie railroad will sell at one rate for the round trip to any point within 200 miles. The citizens of Spencerville are making big preparations for a fine celebration. It being so near at home, everybody should go. Fare only 40 cents for the round trip.

F. O. McCoy, Agent.

CRIDERSVILLE NEWS.

T. C. Long, of St. Marys, was in our burg this week.

Miss Bessie Morris, of St. Marys is visiting here this week.

Oscar DeLong is home from Geneva, Ind., to visit his parents.

Miss Alma Harrad attended the Epworth League convention at Lima last week.

Samuel Fry, of Buckland, is visiting his many friends at this place this week.

Mrs. T. C. Long and Miss Nellie Vinsel, of St. Marys, were visiting here last Sunday.

Mrs. Batio Arthur, of Geneva, Ind., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ezra DeLong.

T. A. Barton returned home Monday from Dayton where he had been visiting the past week.

Mrs. Riley Parmenter and children are visiting her parents, Jerry Mowery and wife, near Lima.

Stephen Dotson and family, of Harrod, visited with his parents at this place last Saturday and Sunday.

H. J. Parmenter has returned to Van Wert, after spending the week with his daughter, Mrs. T. M. Dotson.

Mrs. J. O. Hover and daughter Hazel and Elsie Robinson have returned from Ottawa, where they had been visiting Mrs. Hover's parents.

On Wednesday night Dan Phillips cattle got on the railroad and two good milk cows were killed by a through freight, north bound, at 1 o'clock. They were caught right south of the Main street crossing, and one of them thrown off, but the other one was caught, carried and ground up in fine pieces.

On Wednesday, July 1st, Jeff Graham celebrated his sixtieth birthday anniversary, and to make it more pleasant for him, his wife invited the neighbors in. Of course they all understood what was needed on an occasion of that kind, and about 3 o'clock in the afternoon they began to gather in from all directions, with well-filled baskets, until about six o'clock they had a large table in the yard loaded down with good things to eat. The house and yard were beautifully decorated with flags and bunting. Between fifty and sixty were present and enjoyed themselves until about 10:30 o'clock, when they departed for their homes. J. I. O.

It is actual merit that has given Hood's Sarsaparilla the first place among medicines. It is the One True Blood Purifier and nerve tonic.

His Cup is Full.

"Can you cook, dearest?" he said in a moment of dreamy abandon.

"No, and I never intend to learn," she softly answered.

"Darling, you make me too happy!" he murmured blissfully.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Some time ago the one-year-old child of Mr. M. E. Lindsley, of Franklin Forks, Pa., had a very severe attack of colic. She suffered great pain. Mr. Lindsley gave her a dose of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and in ten minutes her distress was gone. This is the best medicine in the world for children when troubled with colic or diarrhoea. It never fails to effect a prompt cure. When reduced with water and sweetened it is pleasant for them to take. It should be kept in every home, especially during the summer months. For sale by Melville, the druggist, old post office corner. C. W. Heister, 55 public square.

Democratic Convention, Chicago, Ill.

You will make no mistake by taking the Chicago & Erie for Chicago. Train 5 leaves Lima at 11:23 a. m., arriving at Chicago at 5 p. m. This is the fastest train out of Lima. No. 3 leaves Lima at 12:37 a. m., arriving at Chicago at 7:35 a. m. This train carries through sleepers, New York to Chicago. Berths reserved upon application. Tickets on sale July 3rd to 6th, inclusive. Fare for round trip, \$6.25. F. C. McCoy, Ticket Agent.

Unable to Compare.

He—Miss Kittle, I've heard it said that a kiss without a moustache is like an egg without salt. Is that so?

She—Well, really, I don't know—I can't tell—in my life I never—

He—Now, now, Miss Kittle!

She—Never ate an egg without salt.—*Woonsocket Reporter.*

Mr. W. H. Smith, editor of *The Argus*, Benton, Pa., recommends a remedy for diarrhoea which he has used with magical effect. "Several weeks ago," he says, "I purchased a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, and after using less than one-third of the contents the results were magical—effecting an entire cure. I heartily recommend the remedy to all sufferers from diarrhoea. This remedy is for sale by Melville, the druggist, old post office corner. C. W. Heister, 55 public square.

Wonderful! Marvelous!

are expressions frequently heard about cures effected by Foley's Kidney Cure. Do not fail to try this great remedy for any kidney trouble. H. F. Vorkamp, cor. Main and North streets.

EASY SONG WRITING.

ANY ONE CAN BE A COMPOSER WITHOUT KNOWING A NOTE.

You suggest the idea, and the Song is Written While You Wait—Enlarged Parts Are in Attendance to Furnish the Words. Your Name Goes on the Sheet.

Do you want to be known as a composer of music? It is the easiest thing in the world.

You may not know one note from another, but that doesn't matter. A few days ago a representative of The Examiner went to visit a local musician of repute. Before the musician stood a snub young woman. She was whistling. Her ripe, red lips had on them a most tempting pucker. She whistled a few notes and stopped. Then the musician, who was armed with a sheet of music score paper and a lead pencil, made hieroglyphics on the lines and spaces on the sheet. This was repeated several times.

"There," said the girl, "that is all." A sardonic smile glittered for an instant on the musician's face and was gone. He stepped to a piano and played the melody as it had been whistled to him, at the same time improvising an accompaniment.

"Well," said the girl interrogatively. She had not the faintest idea of harmony or counterpoint. She could not sing.

"I must change it some," said the musician.

"Oh, yes, I expected that," said she. "I furnish the musical idea and you do the back work."

Once more there was a glimmer of fun in the musician's eyes. He requested the girl to call again in a few days.

"I will have one of our poets write words for it," said he, "and when you come again you can see how you like it. You will see how they go together."

"Of course my name will go on the sheet when it is published?"

"Certainly. Do you want to be known as the author of the words?"

The girl blushed rather painfully. The heightened color made her look rather more superb. She was a tall, willowy brunette, with glowing black eyes and a rich olive complexion, on which her blush played prettily. Her attire was fashionable and the fit was perfect. Altogether she was what Tite Barnacle would have called "a well-groomed young woman." Her ears and hands were small and aristocratic. Her manner, now that she had stopped pucker her lips to whistle, was a little haughty. Evidently she had not previously thought about the words of the song. The Mephistophelean suggestion of the musician was tempting. His bait was literary as well as musical distinction. She took it all, musical and literary, bait, hook and line, with a little gasp. It has been said that "it is just as well to be hung for a sheep as for a lamb," and she adopted that view with little hesitation. When the music sheet comes out, with a sentimental title, this rosy brunette will be heralded as both musician and poetess.

This is not an uncommon occurrence in San Francisco, so it was said by those who ought to know. A local music publisher put out a list of about 500 San Francisco compositions last year, and according to the head of the firm, very few appeared as they were originally conceived. What appeared to be odd about the episode first mentioned was the perfection of the facilities furnished for taking down a musical composition. The musician wrote on his music score paper with the speed and certainty of a stenographer. In fact, he was for the time a musical amanuensis. When the girl had left him, he became the poor composer in fact.

George W. Hetzel comes in contact with many people who have musical ideas without musical knowledge. He literally takes notes as they reveal their ideas. Being a composer, he is versed in the knowledge necessary to make these ideas practicable. He is compelled to cut the tune for the range of voice for which it is best adapted. People whistle, sing, play the banjo and thump the piano at him. Then he turns the idea into a musical composition. Hugo V. Schlam of the musical publishing firm of Broder & Schlam furnished some amusing facts. Mr. Schlam says that only popular songs, which are in the range of ordinary singers, and dance tunes are composed on the plan here indicated. It is not difficult for any person with a musical idea to get a song, words and music, credited to him. When the composition is ready for publication it has little resemblance to the idea of the reputed author. Very likely the originator has a little story that he desires to have "worked up" into a song, but the words are beyond him or her, and a paid poet has to do this work. Well to do people, in the financial sense, and often poorer people are willing to assume authorship with very little claim to it. Variety singers sometimes adopt this method of gaining fame.

An odd case was mentioned by Mr. Schlam. An elderly bachelor resides in San Francisco, who, early in life, lost his childish sweetheart. She fell over a cliff into the ocean. Her body was never recovered. He was so shocked by the occurrence which he witnessed, having just been playing with the little girl, that he has never married. His melancholy has increased with the flight of years. Recently he caused a song—based on this early experience, the music and words of which were composed for him—to be published. His name is on the cover of the music sheet as composer.

One explanation of such phenomena is that music is published very cheaply. The cost of 100 copies is only about \$20 if the cover of the music is plain. There were 60,000 musical compositions turned out from American presses last year. Hardly more than a dozen songs were a popular success. This need not deter the musically ambitious, who can, if they find the proper place, become composers "while you wait."—*San Francisco Examiner.*

ANTQUITY OF THE MEASLES.

People in All Times Have Suffered From This Disease.

Of course every one thinks he knows what measles is and yet very few really know more about the ailment than the fact that it is a contagious disease, characterized by sore eyes, sore nose, sore throat and an eruption of the skin.

The disease is one of great antiquity, dating as far back as A. D. 900. At that time, however, it was confounded with smallpox and scarlet fever. By many observers smallpox and measles were always regarded as one and the same disease, differing only in degree. This misinformation was not dispelled until 1670, when Sydenham, an English physician, declared that they were distinct diseases.

About the origin of measles little is known. At the present day the disease is found all over the civilized world. It is not known in uncivilized countries. It has always been claimed that the disease was due to a specific poison, but the nature of it was not known. Quite recently, however, a European bacteriologist named Czajkowski reported that he had found a micro organism in the blood of a person suffering from measles, which he believed to be the cause of the disease. Measles is unlike some other contagious diseases, in that it is no respecter of persons or places. It affects all sorts and conditions of people. What better illustration of this is needed than the present case in the first household of the land? The disease is one of the most highly contagious ailments known. It is far more contagious than smallpox, but the poison of measles contains much less virulence than that of the latter. The poison of measles exists in the breath, the blood, the tears and in the secretions from the nose and throat.

Although the disease is usually classed as one of childhood, adults sometimes suffer from it. The adult cases are usually the more severe. Infants under 6 months are generally considered exempt from the disease, although there are exceptions to the rule. Measles is generally looked upon as a necessary evil of childhood and one that deserves but little attention. In a simple case that may be all well enough, but there are usually other contingencies, and some of these should be guarded against. In almost every case the eyes become inflamed and call for attention. There is usually a bronchitis, which, if left uncared for, may be followed by pneumonia and fatal termination.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

PRECEDENCE QUESTION.

It Was a Matter of Importance and Annoyance in the Past.

The precedence due to guests was a matter of vast importance in the seventeenth century, which the gentleman usher at Berkeley castle was expected to have at his fingers' ends. It had become very complicated under the commonwealth. There were peers, created by the king over the water, not recognized at home. There were the members, not peers, of Cromwell's upper house, and "rides of his granting which the royalists sniffed at."

Mrs. Isham writes feelingly of the trials of hostesses when etiquette was reviving a little. Neighbors are "so discontented about you for place as they be never to be reconciled again; this is a thing I do much hate. Any one shall go before me as will, and if Sir Harry Blount axed Harrolds (Heralds) before he came down, my Thinkes here is so many barrels about, as none shoulde thinke of Place." She is very proud of a new page. "You be to see the fast of my small officer. I think it may be a pretty site to see him a Horse-backe, and in Boots, for since he never had Boots on before; he is to call at Lee for a letter, so he is not to stay long with you. This boy as we have is good for nothing but his Boots, and that pleases Pannye, and so because he is pleased I am pleased. You will be a weary with reading these scribbled Lines, so I resto your ever Lovinge Ante, E. Isham."—*Longman's Magazine.*

He Was Black In the Face.

One of the attendants at a local hospital, whose duty it is to apply the ether to patients about to be operated upon, often causes the doctors much annoyance by reason of his overcaution. It is rarely that he can be persuaded to apply enough of the anesthetic to produce the desired effect without continual urging on the part of the doctor who is to use the knife. The other day a patient was about to be operated upon and the old difficulty arose. "Now, doctor, he's really had quite enough," remarked the attendant. The doctor thought otherwise, and insisted upon more ether. Remonstrating against applying any more, the attendant was about to comply with the doctor's command when he suddenly jumped back, exclaiming: "My God, doctor, the patient is dying. He's black in the face!" "Of course he is, you fool," replied the doctor. "If you'll look close enough you'll find he is a negro!"—*Philadelphia Record.*

One Way.

A Londoner is said to have built up a good business by recording the births from the newspapers, and then as a child's birthday is approaching sending to its parents a list of suitable presents to be found in his stock of goods and allusion to the date of the anniversary. This knowledge of the family affairs is said to have a very wholesome influence on sales in spite of occasional unfortunate mistakes, like sending the reminder when the child has been dead a few weeks.

Iowa almost from the date of its admission has been called the Hawkeye State. Hawkeye was the name of a noted Indian chief who, in the early days, caused no little trouble along the western border of American civilization.

The robin is always the last bird to go to bed in the evening. Its eyes are large, and it can see well by a dim light.

CLIMBING UP CHEOPS.

AN AMERICAN DESCRIBES A VISIT TO THE PYRAMIDS.

A Feet That Requires a Good Nerve and Cool Head—Three Natives Assist Each Climber—Graphic Description of a Mountain Side on a Camel.

The *Times* (N. Y.) prints a letter written at Cairo, Egypt, by Rev. Dr. L. M. S. Haynes, pastor of the First Baptist church of that city, to H. D. Sweet, a parishioner, in which he says: "Our conductor called us to an early breakfast at 6:30. Our party of five were promptly on hand. Our carriage was an ordinary American hack. We soon reached the bridge over the Nile and entered the avenue of acacia trees skirting the elevated pike which the government has built clear to the pyramids, a distance of about eight miles. The road was literally crowded with farmers' 'fellahes,' coming into market. We passed hundreds of camels and donkeys loaded down with every conceivable thing, especially fresh white clover, great quantities of which are sold in the city. Each camel carries about 400 pounds. With all the animals there were men, women and children, most of them walking, but they will ride back. The men and boys seemed to be having a good time; but, as usual, the women and girls looked sad and miserable. The donkeys were looking down to the ground, but the camels looked up in the air, as they always do. They are very high minded. Their backs are also high, as I can testify, for I had my first camel ride today. In about an hour we rode up to the very base of the great pile of stone and alighted from our carriage in the sand, with the sun three hours high and blazing hot. It was about 9 o'clock. We were immediately surrounded by the usual crowd of clamorous Arabs, anxious to help us up the great climb. But our conductor, Mr. Solomon, and our superb dragoman, Abraham, who had been with us up the Nile, cleared them all away, and we selected three men each, fine looking men in white."

"We went right away over a pile of sand along the base and stood upon the first tier of stone. Then I formally looked up for the first time. We had seen the three pyramids, so familiar in picture, for more than an hour, but they did not seem to be so very large, because there is nothing to compare them with. But it is three-fourths of a mile around Cheops, and 480 feet to the top. The stones are about six feet square, and project one beyond the other, just like going up many stairs. The place for your feet is about four feet, a very good standing if you reached the floor or were not going up 480 feet right up in the air nearly three times as high as our church steeple.

"We walked easily along one course of stone on the west side, which were worn smooth with passing feet, and came to the northwest corner, where the ascent is made. Two men took me by the hand, and one pushed behind, and I began going up stairs four feet at a step. After about 200 steps I concluded to stop. We must have been about 80 feet up at that corner. I was not dizzy nor very lame, but I felt very peculiar, and I felt more peculiar every minute afterward until I got back on to solid and capacious footing. But up we went, hop, skip and jump, going all the time and going up on the ragged corner of nothing. The stones were smooth, irregular and sometimes broken, but none less than four feet. Heaven was above you and both sides of you, and everlasting smothering beneath you if you should fall. Just then one of the Arabs tumbled a little and gave me a shock like an electric battery.

"Now we come to the half way place where they have thrown off a few rocks, and where you can brace yourself against the breast stones of Cheops and look off a little. We were 240 feet up in the desert air, standing or leaning on the ragged corner and trying to behave and say it was fun. But it was not. There was too much risk and danger. Some people have to be blindfolded to get them down, and many faint, and not long since an English soldier fell. But on we go a little farther, and, thinking the matter all over, I called a halt and deliberately decided that was enough. The view was something grand, I suppose, and if I could have done the climbing when I was 20 years old I might have seen the grandeur. Going down, as I was not dizzy, was easier. But any step might have been my last, and I did not enjoy it as much as I did my splendid reception, though that embarrassed me somewhat.

"Once at the bottom we mounted camels to go to the sphinx. A very large, white fellow fell to my lot. He was flat on the ground as I mounted. When he began to get up, I thought he was going all to pieces. He rose in sections, with four distinct motions, and as each section assumed the horizontal I was jerked backward and forward. Cut a foot log into four parts, joint them together, get astride and have that log begin to assume the shape of a sawhorse, with you on top, and you have the idea. However, I held on, and away we went. I estimated that from my chin to the end of the camel's nose was six feet at least. The motion, once up, was not very disagreeable.

"Would gentleman like to trot?" inquired the driver. The gentleman said he would. He had come to Egypt to see everything. He might have said there is more to feel than to see. Anyway, we went for about 20 rods, when I called out, 'Oh, oh, oh!' and the creature fell into a walk.

"Soon we came to the great sphinx. It is big, and no mistake—a huge woman's head on a lion's body. It is about as large as our church. In front of it, partly buried in the sand, is a temple of granite and alabaster, whose intricacies were visited."

It is far off, and rather like a dream than an assurance that my remembrance warrants.—*Shakespeare.*

NINE KAFFIR WARS.

Nearly All the Hard Fighting Has Been With the Zulu Tribe.

For us the curtain rises upon the Kaffir people when the Dutch settlers, spreading slowly eastward from the neighborhood of the Cape, came into contact and presently into conflict with them. Hostilities first broke out in 1779, and in the century that followed there are reckoned no fewer than nine Kaffir wars. The natives fought with a fierceness comparable to that of North American Indians, and though less skilled in the arts of ambush and surprise they were not less swift in their movements or less fearless in meeting death. Had the policy of the colonial government been firmer and more consistent, much fighting and suffering might have been saved, yet some of its errors were due to a desire to deal gently with the natives and to stop an advance of conquest, which we now perceive was inevitable. The worst blunder was committed in 1879, when Sir Bartle Frere attacked a native power more formidable than any which had yet been encountered by British troops—that of the Zulus.

The Zulus are a branch of the Bantu race, eminent for their courage, their physical strength and their absolute submission to their king. Tshaka, the able and relentless chief who reigned for about 20 years and was murdered by his brothers in 1828, had by his force of will, his military talents and the system of strict drill and discipline which he introduced subdued all his neighbors and devastated vast tracts of country, slaughtering or chasing away their inhabitants. His nephew, Cetewayo, when the war broke out in 1879, was at the head of an army of 30,000 men and inflicted a serious defeat upon the British forces before he was finally overthrown and his country brought under British sway. After his fall there remained only two strong native kingdoms south of the Zambezi.

One of these kingdoms, that of Lo Bengula, king of the Matabele, was conquered in 1893 by the British South Africa company, and the other, that of Gungunhana, whose territories lay north-east of the Transvaal state, has within the last six months (December, 1895, and January, 1896,) perished at the hands of the Portuguese. With many tribes there has been no fighting at all. Aved by the boldness of the white man, these less warlike tribes accepted the rule of the intruding settlers with scarcely a murmur and in many cases looked on them as protectors. Nearly all the hard fighting in South Africa has been with the Zulus, to whom the Matabele belong ethnologically, and with the Xosa clans on the south coast, while the Bechuanas and Ba-Rolongs and the Tongas and the tribes of Masbana-land as far as the Zambezi have, as a rule, submitted promptly and quietly.—*James Bryce, M. P., in Century.*

The Fayoum Portraits.

The likenesses of the dead found in the Greco-Roman cemetery of the Fayoum must not be regarded as good specimens of the art of the time. They were no doubt executed hastily by very inferior practitioners, but they show the prevailing fashion for all that.

It is very curious to see how nearly they resemble the fashionable taste of a very different period—that of the early Victorian era; they have so many of the characteristics of that interesting though extremely debased form of art. The eyes are too big, the noses too long, the nostrils too narrow, the mouth too small, the face too oval, the neck too thin, the shoulders too sloping. They seem strangely familiar when one thinks of the fashionable portraiture of some 40 or 50 years ago.

And then, no doubt, this type became gradually less and less human until it developed into the Byzantine formalism, such as we see in the celebrated mosaic at Ravenna, representing Justinian and Theodora—a work of the sixth century. After this we lose our art for a time, for portrait painting, as we understand it, can hardly be said to have existed during the early middle ages.—*Nineteenth Century.*

Frogs as Weather Prophets.

Frogs have from remote times been regarded as weather prophets, and at the present day in some parts of Germany the European tree frog (*Hyla arborea*) is used as a barometer. A few of them are placed in a tall bottle provided with miniature ladders, the steps of which they ascend during fine weather, seeking the bottom again on the approach of rain.

Anatomical structures of a variety of kinds are characteristic of different species of frogs, having to do with the voice organs. So it is that many croak, some chirp and some almost bellow. Many emit noises most disagreeable to all ears, while others give vent to sounds that under some circumstances are quite enjoyable.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

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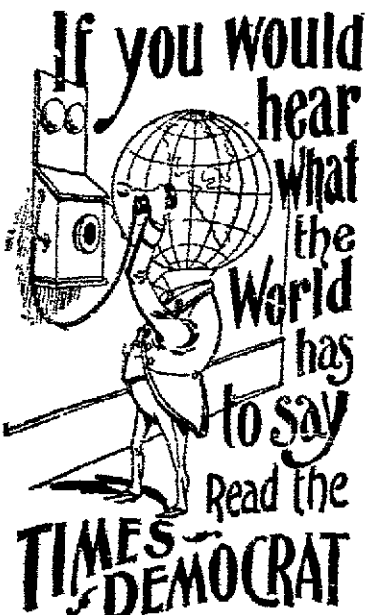
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OFFICIAL CALL

For the Democratic National Convention

The Democratic national committee having met in Washington, January 18th, has appointed

TUESDAY, JULY 7th, AT 12 O'CLOCK NOON and chosen the city of Chicago as the place for holding the Democratic national convention. Each State is entitled to a representation here equal to double the number of its Senators and Representatives in Congress and each territory and the District of Columbia shall have two delegates.

All Democratic conservative citizens of the United States, irrespective of past political associations and differences, who can unite with us in the effort for pure, economical and constitutional government are cordially invited to join in sending delegates to this convention.

G. F. SCHWARTZ, Secretary. W. F. HARRITY, Chairman.

DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET.

Secretary of State, CHILTON A. WHITE, of Brown county.

Judge of Supreme Court, E. J. BLANDIN, of Cleveland.

Dairy and Food Commissioner, PATRICK MCKEOWN, of Cincinnati.

Member Board of Public Works, WILLIAM BRAUMONT, of Licking.

For Presidential Electors at Large, M. FECHHEIMER, of Hamilton county.

T. E. POWELL, of Franklin county.

For Member of Congress, 5th District, GEORGE B. MARSHAL, Shelby county.

COUNTY DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

For Probate Judge, THEODORE D. BOBB.

For Clerk of the Court, U. M. SHAPPELL.

For County Auditor, PHILIP WALTHER.

For County Recorder, ABRAHAM HARROD.

For Prosecuting Attorney, J. C. RIDENOUR.

For Inferiary Director, ELI MECHLING.

For Commissioner, T. O. BURNS.

The struggle for supremacy between the local Foraker and McKinley factions, in case McKinley is elected, is assuming that degree of dignity and good will in which they call each other liars and other equally forcible, but unscriptural pet names.

The failure of Hall, Henderson, Kahler and others to organize a McKinley club would indicate that the Canton gentleman is not so popular in this city as he might be.

There will be nothing in the way of fireworks to-morrow to equal the display of brimstone that deated through the basement of the court house during the defeat of an organization of the McKinley club last night.

Sore Republicans—McKinley Republicans—were seen in goodly numbers on the street this morning, and the Foraker fellows were cruel enough to say that the same crowd will not only be sore but deathly sick inside of six months.

The Kansas City Sunday Sun has suspended publication, and many persons whose animation has been suspended because they were afraid the paper would publish their misdoings, are breathing again. It is however so the credit of western journalism that the Sun is no more.

Farmer Flanagan, of Kenton, scores the following good points:

Wheat lost two cents per bushel the day McKinley was nominated, has been declining more or less every day since the convention. Oats has made a new low record since that eventful day. Corn has declined from its already low point. Lard has struck a new low record, selling at \$3.97, or less than four cents a pound. A barrel of pork can be bought for less than three and one-half cents per pound since the convention—everything that farmers produce is declining under McKinleyism.

FINANCIAL DEFINITIONS.

The following definitions, copyrighted by C. L. Eaton, will be of value to those who desire to make an intelligent study of the all absorbing currency question:

"The gold and silver coins of the United States are composed of nine parts pure metal and one part alloy. The coins are then 'standard.' A standard silver dollar weighs 412 1/2 grains; a standard gold dollar 25.8 grains. 'Ratio 16 to 1' is: That the amount of pure silver in a silver dollar shall be sixteen times the amount in weight of pure gold in a gold dollar.

Free coinage of silver and gold 16 to 1 is: That any individual or corporation may deposit in any of the mints in the United States any amount of silver exceeding \$100 and for each 371 1/4 grains of pure silver receive one silver dollar.

That any individual or corporation may deposit in any of the mints of United States any amount of gold exceeding \$100 and for each 23.22 grains of pure gold receive one gold dollar. The United States now coinage free coinage of gold, but free coinage of silver was suspended in 1873.

At the ratio of '16 to 1' one ounce of pure silver (troy) is worth at the mint \$1.29, and one ounce of pure gold (troy) \$20.67.

Coined value of silver is its mint value, \$1.29 an ounce.

Commercial value of silver is its value in the market as a commodity.

Bimetallism: The legalized use of two metals (as gold and silver) in the currency of the country at a fixed relative value.—Webster.

Monetize: To convert into money, as to monetize silver.—Jb.

Demonetize: To deprive of current value, to withdraw from use, as money.—Jb.

Seigniorage: A charge deducted from bullion brought to the mint to coin.—Jb.

Parity: The quality or condition of being equal or equivalent. Equality.—Jb.

Legal Tender: That which the law authorizes in payment of debts.—Jb.

The campaign promises to be one of education, and many questions will be asked you by your neighbor, some of them comprised in the above list. Cut it out and paste it in your hat.

A Pleasant Surprise.

The many friends of Miss Maud Copeland surprised her very agreeably at her beautiful country home three miles south of Lima, Thursday evening. The house was beautifully decorated with palms and ferns, while the guests looked charming in their evening dress. Dancing and music were the features of the evening, after which an elegant repast was served. Among the many present were the Misses Cora Reel, Flora Winter, Alice Mook, Gladys Kendall, May Daller, Carrie Clark, Bessie Cline, Gussie Billeter, Ida Billeter, and Messrs. A. L. Taylor, George Ann, Arthur Thomas, Fred Gram, Albert Andrews, Frank Moon, Earl Bresler, Ralph Peters and Ralph Chauey.

The Coolest and Cheapest Place to Spend Sunday is at Riverside Park.

—Special Trains and Attractions for Sunday, July 5th, 1896.

Grand band concert, fine bathing, boating and fishing at Riverside Park. Special trains via the Ohio Southern, Sunday, July 5th. Fifty cents for the round trip.

TOKENS OF ESTEEM

Presented to Father Brady by Members of St. Rose Congregation

At an Informal Farewell Meeting Held at the Parochial School Building Last Evening

A large number of the members of St. Rose church gathered in the basement of the school building last evening at 7 o'clock, to present Rev. L. A. Brady—who has labored among them for the past two years, and left to-day for his new charge in Sandusky City—with tokens of their love and appreciation of him as a zealous priest and true friend. The altar and Rosary Society presented him with a purse of \$31.50; the young ladies of the congregation presented him with a \$30 Cossack, and a \$15 watch chain was presented by his Latin class. He received a handsome silver shaving cup, and from the Cecilia choir a fine silver smoking set and a box of cigars. Father Brady was very much overcome by the kindness of his friends, and in words that came from his heart thanked the donors for their remembrance of him, and said that as long as they lived, the people of St. Rose's would be remembered by him in his daily prayers and at the Holy Sacrifice of the mass he would ask God to bless them. Father Manning was also present, and thanked the congregation for their loyalty and generosity toward their pastors.

Father Brady left this afternoon for his new charge at St. Peter and Paul church, Sandusky City. May his labors be crowned with success is the wish of his many friends in Lima.

TWO BALL GAMES.

The City Ball Teams will Entertain the People of Lima To-morrow.

The city base ball league have arranged to play two games of base ball to-morrow. The first one will be played in the morning between the Shamrocks and the Stars. In the afternoon the Crescents and the Marquettes will struggle with the sphere. The two games promise to be interesting contests. The grounds have been scraped and rolled and the grass and weeds have been cut. The boys have their new uniforms and the four teams to-morrow will make a most creditable showing. The standing of the teams to-morrow evening will no doubt be greatly changed.

TALES OF THE TOWN.

John C. Miller and Miss Nora Logan were granted a marriage license today.

The Y. M. C. A. clerks and senior basket ball teams will play at Hoyer's Lake next Tuesday evening.

W. F. Gayselman has sold his harness store at Lima. He was here Tuesday making arrangements to move back to Bluffton.—Bluffton News.

Ex-sheriff John Distelrath, of Auglaize county, died very suddenly from heart disease, Wednesday evening, at his home in Wapakoneta. He was 60 years old.

The two women named Bowers and Osman who were arrested night before last for disorderly conduct, were allowed to leave the city last evening upon promising not to return.

Mrs. A. B. Cortis, who has been a resident of this city for the past forty years removed today to Dayton, her sons, Charlie and Dan, of Dayton, have been here for the past few days assisting her in shipping her household effects.

Mr. Floeter, division superintendent of the C. H. & D., was in town this morning looking after the question of lighting the crossings. He satteed positively that the C. H. & D. would build a new depot.—Columbus Grove Record.

Wilbert J. Jackman, of this city, has been granted a patent on a hydrocarbon burner for burning refined oil. The patent was issued on the 23rd of last month and was procured through the efforts of Prophet & Eastman, the attorneys.

H. F. Vorkamp returned last evening from Lakeside where he was attending the annual meeting of the State Pharmaceutical Association. He was chosen vice-president of the association for the coming year. Over two hundred delegates were in attendance. Mr. Meyer of the Meyer firm of Dayton, was chosen president.

The Fourth of July at the Post Office.

The general delivery and stamp windows will be open from 8:30 to 9:30 a. m. and from 5:00 to 6:00 p. m. The money order and registry windows will be open from 8:30 to 9:30 a. m.

Carriers will make a delivery in the business portion of the city at 7:25 a. m. and a complete delivery of the city at 8:15 a. m., except that that there will be no delivery in those portions of the city where but one delivery a day is made. Persons from such portions may call for their mail between 8:30 a. m. and 9:30 a. m. All the carriers will deliver mail from their windows between 5:00 and 6:00 p. m. Mails will be made up and dispatched as on other days.

W. R. MEHAFFEY, P. M.

Open Air Concert.

this evening, a fine, specially prepared program by City band at McCullough's park. Bring your children 4-2c for a free steamboat ride.

Death of a Child.

Marguerite, the six-months-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Hauenstein, of 415 east Wayne street, died yesterday afternoon from stomach complaint. The babe was one of Mr. and Mrs. Hauenstein's twin children. The funeral services will be conducted from the residence by Rev. Baum at 4 o'clock this evening and the remains will be interred in Woodlawn cemetery.

Destruction.

It seems sometimes as if nature in a rage at man labored on in fury and destroyed him and all his works. The tornado that struck western Illinois and eastern Missouri was perhaps the most appalling and widely destructive in the history of the country. All the elements were brought to bear—wind, water and flame. No class or condition was spared in any work of human hands. On the Mississippi river, great steamers were hurled against the shore or turned over and buried beneath the waves with their crews and passengers. On land railway trains were blown off bridges and splintered into ruins.

At East St. Louis a church was utterly wiped off the face of the earth, there a schoolhouse was torn from its foundations and fell upon the bright, happy children who studied their lessons within, unconscious of the nearing doom. Here an almshouse, with 1,200 inmates, collapsed under the power of the wind; there the vast Standard Oil tanks were struck by lightning and millions of dollars worth up in flame in less time than it takes to write the words. The lightning, too, seems to have struck in half a dozen places at once, or even more. At the final test of the noble Eads bridge across the Mississippi at St. Louis, July 2, 1874, it bore without a quiver a weight of 500 tons. It seemed strong as the foundations of the earth itself. Yet part of this massive structure was torn away by the great storm of 1896.

In presence of such devastation, such power as this, man can only stand silent and awestricken.

The Magnetic Man In Politics.

When a political boss has great power without any easy way of explaining why he should have it, the common explanation is that it is because he is so magnetic.

That word magnetism covers a multitude of things. A man may have no great intellectual ability. The magnetic man seldom has, yet he holds men in his grasp as in a vise. Few dare to disobey his commands because he is so very magnetic. The magnetic man usually has an offhand way with him and a practiced art of remembering names and faces. He flatters each man in his weakest spot and makes magnificent promises which he keeps or not as he chooses when the time comes.

None of this, however, explains political magnetism. The true source of it is kept in the background. The front name for political magnetism is really check: its last name, dollars. The magnetic leader makes a contract with certain rich men that he will see that no legislation is passed which shall affect their moneyed interests, no matter what kind of a fraudulent or community robbing scheme that private business may be. In return they contract to vote for him on election day vote enough to send him and his henchmen anywhere he desires they shall be sent.

There is certainly nothing equal to great American metropolitan journalism. One of the most famous and influential papers in this country printed a portrait of the young czar with the name "Nicholas III" engraved on it in large letters the morning after the coronation. The artist who made the picture, the man who engraved it, the proofreader under whose eye it passed and the managing editor of the great metropolitan journal all alike were in ignorance of the fact that the present czar is Nicholas II. Another famous metropolitan paper, not to be outdone in enterprise, printed the morning after the coronation an illustration showing the exact spot where the czar and czarina stood during the crowning process.

The St. Paul Pioneer Press strongly recommends farmers in the northwest to go into flax culture. This is a remedy which will cure them of the fatal "wheat habit." The Press says: They have the wheat growing habit so fixed in their minds it is almost hopeless to try to break it, that, too, in face of the fact that the Russian Monomir-farmers are growing rich raising flax, while American farmers around them are falling out to bankruptcy cultivating wheat. Acre for acre, ground will yield a third more money if planted to flax than to wheat. It does this year in and year out. Besides the flax fiber, the oil and seed cake yield rich returns.

However it happens, it is a fact that an American manufacturing firm has sold 10,000 tons of steel rails in Japan at prices lower than English firms offer the same goods for. The steel rails the American firm sells in this country for \$28 a ton they ship to Japan for \$21.50 a ton. How is that?

Arndt Handles

a fine line of flour and feed. 518 North Main street.] 5 2c

THE LAST WEEK!

For tickets on the "96" Columbia Bicycle to be given away to the customers of the

COLUMBIA SHOE STORE.

Bicycle to be given away

JULY 4TH

Buy your Shoes this week and Save Dollars at the

Summer Clearing Sale.

Try and see how cheap you can buy a pair of fine Shoes.

Ladies' \$4.00 Tan Shoes, for \$3.00.
Ladies' \$3.00 Tan Shoes, for \$2.25.
Ladies' \$2.50 Tan Oxfords, for \$1.75.
Ladies' \$1.50 Tan Oxfords, for \$1.00.

GENTS' TANS.

Out of season prices, now is the time you want them. Now is the time we want to sell Gent's \$5.00 wine needle toe Shoe, \$3.75.
Gent's \$5.00 white duck top tan, hand sewed Shoes, for \$3.50.
Gent's \$4.00 tans, for \$3.00.
Gent's \$3.50 Ox blood tans, for \$2.50.
Gent's \$2.00 tans, for \$1.50.

We must reduce our stock of tans, no matter what they will bring. Try us this week. Your shoes polished free at our store.

THE COLUMBIA,

The Leading Shoe House, Lima, O.

WON BY JOE PATCHEN.

The Black Pacer Outfoots John R. Gentry.

GENTRY FLIES IN THE AIR.

A Big Crowd Witness the First Contest Between the Famous Pacers at Washington Park—Description of Both Heats.

SILVER REPUBLICANS

Of Minnesota Can Not Digest St. Louis Platform With Its Single Standard.

MINNEAPOLIS, July 3.—Silver Republicans of the state issued a manifesto announcing that they can not stand by the party on account of its single standard platform. Bimetallism is pointed out as the fundamental principle of Republicanism, and the dire results feared from monometallic financial basis are dilated upon.

Among the signers are Congressman G. A. Towne of Duluth, ex-Congressman John Lind and others who have been prominent in state politics.

RUI'S Stock Rising.

CHICAGO, July 3.—The movement to make Senator Hill temporary chairman has received a decided impetus and there is good reason for believing that the executive committee of the national committee would be pleased to suggest his name if they thought it would be accepted by the silver men. Members of the committee profess to believe that Hill will be acceptable to the silver people because he is not regarded as an administration man, though ranked with the gold forces. The silver leaders hold out stiffly, however, for a man of pronounced silver prejudices for presiding officer.

Death From Bicycling.

LEXINGTON, Ky., July 3.—A long bicycling ride is attributed as the indirect cause of Miss Nellie Kemper's death. She had taken a long ride in the country and on her return she collapsed. She was 36.

Interest Being Paid.

NEW YORK, July 3.—Interest on Columbus and Hocking Coal and Iron first mortgage bonds, which was withheld Wednesday is now being paid.

Fatal Shot.

COVINGTON, Ky., July 3.—George Armstrong, 22 shot and in all probability fatally wounded William Wilson 28, at the residence of Mrs. Rusk, in this city.

Heat Prostrations.

CHICAGO, July 3.—There were six heat prostrations here, one of them, that of Frederick Dordetane, an old Italian, proving fatal. The mercury was 80 in the weather office and 93 on the street.

THE CANNON CRACKER.

A Practical Joker Who Explodes One With Frightful Results.

CINCINNATI, July 3.—Henry Meyers, the popular barber and politician at Sixth and Lock streets, had a narrow escape. He was entering the saloon adjoining his place, when a practical

joker dropped a lighted cannon cracker into the coat pocket of an old man. Meyers grabbed the cracker and snuffed out the light and stood talking to a friend and holding it in his right hand. The practical joker slipped up and lit it again, and Meyers, unconscious of this, stood holding it.

At last it exploded. It incinerated his hand fearfully and broke into two pieces. One went upward ripping off his vest and tearing the right side of his face. The other went into his trousers, ripped the fly open, tore a large hole through the coat and fell into the cellar. A surgeon was called and it took eight stitches in the man's face and six in his leg. He is able to be about.

FIREWORKS!

FLAGS!

All the Novelties in

PYROTECHNICS!

Special prices on Lawn Displays if bought in advance.

DOWNARD & SON,
BOOKSELLERS.

For the Best and Finest

Bottle - Beers

TELEPHONE 37 TO THE

Quina Brewery

"The Only Home Product." Try our new brands of Export.

"The Chief Select"

AND

"XXX Burger Brand"

Lager, also

EXTRACT OF MALT,

The finest ever offered on Market. Absolutely brewed from Choice Malt and Hops only.

WANTED

FARM FOR SALE—Or will trade for town property. Enquire at 129 east High street, Lima, Ohio.

FOR SALE—Large ice cooler; large enough to hold both ice and bottled beer. Call at the European Hotel.

WANTED—Good, live, energetic agents to meet the best people of the city; male or female; good money to the right people. Address Box 412, Toledo, Ohio.

WANTED—Girl for general housework. Enquire at once at 109 south Main street.

AGENTS WANTED—For Campaign book. Non-partisan book of political information. 600 pages; 163 portraits of national and state leaders. Price \$1. Every voter wants it on sight. Sells itself. Big profits. Quilt free. Send in cents for postage and begin at once. NIELSEN & CO., Publishers, Cincinnati, Ohio.

MONEY TO LOAN.

I have money to loan on good city and farm property in sums to suit. Lowest terms. Moderate interest. No delay. Give me a call before making arrangements elsewhere. Room 6, Second Floor Holmes Block 1-2717

LOCAL TIME CARD

Giving time of departure of trains from the various depots at Lima, Corrected June 22, 1896.

P. Ft. W. & C. E. R.		
No. 4—Going East, daily	7:45 a.m.	
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Eczema ON BABY

Grew Worse under Treatment of Best Physicians. Tried

CUTICURA REMEDIES

Great Change in Five Days and To-day is Entirely Cured.

My baby had Eczema in its worst form. One of the best physicians in the city attended her, but she continued to get worse all the time. He finally admitted he was at his wits' end. I then got CUTICURA Remedies, and in a few days noticed a great change in her condition. She continued to improve and today is entirely cured, has nice head of hair, and is healthy and happy. I spent considerable money for drugs and doctor's bills, which was useless. J. B. JACOBS, 2611 Wilkins Ave., Balt. Md.

Special Case Treatment.—Warm baths with Cuticura soap. After application of Cuticura ointment, the feet should be cut and dried. Cuticura Remedies, 64 Cent.

Sold throughout the world. Price, CUTICURA Soap, 25c; CUTICURA Ointment, 50c; CUTICURA Tablets, 50c. Cuticura Remedies, 64 Cent.

Reduced Allowance to Mrs. Stanford.

Mrs. Jane L. Stanford has been receiving a family allowance of \$10,000 a month from the estate of her deceased husband, Senator Leland Stanford. She did not want so much money as that coming to her every month, so, at her request, the allowance was recently cut down to \$2,500.

The argument presented to Judge Coffey to convince him that there was good and sufficient reason for the reduction of the allowance was that the income of the estate is now only \$120,000 a year, as the result of the recent payment of the Stanford university bequest. The monthly allowances would amount to the full income of the estate.

According to the petition, the estate on Jan. 17, 1894, was inventoried at upward of \$17,500,000. Jan. 23, 1894, Judge Coffey signed an order for the \$10,000 monthly allowance.

The bequest of \$2,500,000 to Stanford university was settled April 29 of this year, Mrs. Stanford paying the amount in railroad bonds. Judge Coffey granted the request on the presentation of the petition, and the new order is in effect from May 17. —San Francisco Examiner.

Don't Swish.

The world in general has become pretty well familiar with the swish of the young woman in the silk lined skirt. It is going to hear more of her this summer, for every girl must have her skirt waist skirt lined with the seductive looking taffeta. But it is not with the taffeta, but the taffeta's noise, that this paragraph has to do.

An authority on the subject speaks out in church regarding the habit so prevalent among these well dressed persons of making their dresses talk. He says it is the worst sort of form to compel every one in your vicinity to listen while silk lining loud mouthed betrays its presence. It is quite, he says, in keeping with those who violently perfume themselves, and to whom Spencer paid his respects centuries ago when he said:

All that is not sweet is not sound.

The swish is detracted from good society. One can walk in one's clothes without making one'sself heard, and that is what the summer girl is expected to, and of course will, do.—New York Commercial.

Minnie Hank Honored.

Minnie Hank (Baroness von Hesse-Wartegg), the celebrated American prima donna, has been received as an honorary member of the Academy of Santa Cecilia, Rome. This is an unusual honor, granted to few artists. Santa Cecilia is the oldest musical academy in the world, having been founded by Palestrina. The queen of Italy is its special patroness. Mme. Hank celebrated the great event by singing a selection of modern classical music by the greatest masters of Germany, France and Italy. The audience was select, invitations being issued to a favored few.

There is a certain farmer so suspicious

that before buying a sheep he examines him closely to make sure that he has no cotton in him.

Sure to Win

The people recognize and appreciate real merit. That is why Hood's Sarsaparilla has the largest sales in the world. Merit in medicine means the power to cure. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures—absolutely, permanently cures. It is the Old True Blood Purifier. Its superior merit is an established fact, and merit wins.

Hood's Pills are easy to take, easy to operate. Cure indigestion, headache.

Surely.

"Tommy is such a sweet child," said a doting mother, "that I often think it will be a miracle if he lives to grow up."

"It will," said the candid neighbor, with a baneful look in his eye.—Detroit Free Press.

My Baby.

CANTON, O., 2-28, '96.—Hand Medicine Co.—"My baby had been having wind colic since her birth and she was two months old when I procured a bottle of Dr. Hand's Colic Cure. In less than two weeks' time she was cured of having colic and has never had it since. We had tried several other medicines but they did no good. I can cheerfully recommend your colic cure to be the best. Mrs. F. H. Rock." Sold by all druggists, etc.

Quick Relief for Asthma.

Foley's Honey and Tar is guaranteed to give prompt relief in all cases of Asthma. Do not class this with other medicines that have failed to give relief. Give it a trial. H. F. Vertkamp, cor. Main and North Sts.

PRECIPICE, SEA, SKY.
(Illustrated on a mountain at the farthest base of a rocky precipice.)
"There are cliffs to be scaled and a fall to be feared."
"There on the steep rock a fall."
With lifted arms upward currents blown,
My angel's hand,
Terror dwells here, and from this barrier's height,
This giant shadow form,
Peers through the clear and golden evening light.
More sinister in meaning than in storm,
And shouts to earth and heaven, to sea and shore,
"No further, and no more!"
—George Douglas in Academy.

RIDING FOR A FALL.

It was a perfect day for wheeling. Even the slightest breeze that took the curl out of their lungs as they sat on the piazza of the O'Shannon House seemed to invite Florence and her chaperon aunt to go for a spin. But that good fellowship necessary to an enjoyable trip did not exist because Florence had a well founded suspicion that her dear aunt had that morning intercepted a letter from Fred Lunsden, and the aunt was feeling that her wholly unprejudiced lecture on the evanescence of misplaced love and the durability of American dollars was not being properly appreciated. It is probable that in spite of the glorious weather nothing more exciting than an ordinary family quarrel would have happened had it not been for the overbearing energy of Fred, who appeared on the scene in that unexpected way peculiar to true lovers.

"Good morning, ladies," he called, with an effort at boldness that only made the blood mount to his cheeks. "Beautiful day—or—isn't it?"

"Beautiful! I'm so glad to see you," said Florence, with an accent of sincerity that was perhaps emphasized in order to spite her aunt.

"Perfectly charming," said the aunt in the twinkling tone that reminds one of the chink of the ice in a glass of frappe tea.

"I did myself the honor to call on you," Fred explained as he leaned his wheel against the hotel steps and took a chair near Florence, "because I am going west tomorrow. I have secured a position as civil engineer with a western railway company that is projecting a branch line, and as I had a day to spare I thought I'd come down and bid you goodbye."

"So kind of you, I am sure," said the dear aunt. "I am so glad—for your sake, Fred—that you have this position, for I think a young man should begin his life as soon after leaving college as possible. I have no doubt that in a few years you will be a railway magnate."

She rattled on volubly in this vein for a couple of minutes, and all the while her words had the glib sound of wine being poured out of a narrow necked bottle. It is a note that you catch only in the best society, and it means that the accomplished lady who is talking is all the time thinking hard about something else.

The tenor of the aunt's thoughts were as follows:

"I mustn't allow them to be alone together. I know what these partings mean. He has come down to propose to her, and she—the little hussy—will accept him. If I look her in her room, it will cause talk, and I can't keep track of them all day in these corridors. Oh, what shall I do?"

When the light finally broke, a practiced ear could have detected a change in her tone as she exclaimed enthusiastically:

"Really, Fred, I am glad you have come down, for I have been planning for several days to take a party from here to the little casino they have at Clam-Shell-on-the-Sea, about 15 miles down the coast. We can spin down there in a couple of hours, have some refreshments and then spin back in time to catch your train for New York."

"They will be alone with the other young people," she thought to herself, "and will be kept moving so that they can't have a long chat, and, anyway, it is hard to be confidential on a public road at midday."

The case didn't strike the young people in exactly the same light, and they accepted the situation graciously.

The aunt hastened to canvas the guests at the hotel to get volunteers for the trip and introduced Fred to so many charming young ladies during the next few minutes that he was embarrassed beyond words. Presently the party was organized and made the start amid much light hearted laughter and badinage. The good, kind chaperon brought up the rear, feeling triumphant and self satisfied.

"If they can pedal and propose at the same time," she thought to herself, "they are cleverer than I think."

For the first mile the crowd was well bunched, and nothing happened. At length Fred found himself at Florence's side and managed to stammer:

"Don't you feel you'd like to spin a little faster?"

Well, I feel like doing a little scorching myself.

With that they all struck into a gallop that left the chaperon behind, but overhauled the runaways. That scheme was undoubtedly a failure.

"Let us fall behind, then," suggested Fred. After a slight hesitation, for she did not wish every one to see what her feelings were, Florence slowed up, and soon she and Fred were abreast of the dear, good aunt, who had noticed their ruse and was following, panting, but triumphant.

"Really it is kind of you," she panted. "I am so glad you were thoughtful enough to wait for me. I am willing to go along just as slowly as you please, for I love to look at the scenery."

Fred groaned, and Florence bit her lip. Now, some may wonder why they did not strike down a side road and leave the party altogether, but it must be remembered that their love-making had not progressed yet beyond the language of the eyes and of the hand clasp. It was only the prospect of a parting—perhaps for years—that made their love so intense at this time. Fred's intentions had been frowned on for the last year by all of Florence's relatives, for they all were agreed that a student has no right to make love to a girl whose friends are ambitious for her future unless he is heir to millions. Fred was not, so, of course, he was ineligible in every way.

When he found that both attempts to be alone with Florence and tell her what was in his heart were unsuccessful, he was almost in despair. And the dear chaperon grew happier every minute and prattled gaily about the weather and scenery. In the meantime the scorches slowed up, as no one had any real object in keeping up the pace until the party was united.

It was then that an idea occurred to Fred that proved that he has engineering skill that will enable him to rise in the world some day. "I'll tell you what let's do," he called out. "Let's scorch from here to the casino and have the last man who gets there pay for the refreshment, and let the first lady to arrive be given a prize of her own choosing."

He had gauged the enthusiasm of the party to a nicety, and before the good chaperon could protest effectively all the young people had gripped their handle bars and leaned forward and commenced pedaling for dear life. They drew away from her rapidly and were coasting down a long incline before she had time to even guess at the significance of Fred's scheme. Soon a turn in the road took the whole party from her view, and she chewed the wholly bitter cud of reflection. The best laid plans of mice, men and chaperons are very apt to go awry from time to time.

Fred's heart rose correspondingly as he saw how his scheme was working. He calculated that they were traveling at about twice the rate of speed of the chaperon, and that within half an hour they would be far enough ahead for his purpose. Florence didn't understand exactly what his plan was, but she kept the pace along with the foremost. She appeared to advantage on the wheel, and as the color rose with the exertion he thought he had never seen a lovelier sight. Her lithe, athletic figure seemed to swim through the air with that peculiar grace that the poets ascribe to the gait of goddesses.

Though he could, if he wished, have scorched ahead and distanced her with ease, he could not bear to leave her out of his sight. So it was soon evident that he would have to pay for the refreshments. Up hill and down they went without abating their speed until the chaperon was probably three or four miles behind. Presently they coasted down a hill into a little valley where the road was wooded on both sides, and Fred saw that the opportune moment had come. Guiding his wheel until he was near enough to Florence, he said:

"Wouldn't you like to rest for a few minutes?"

She made no response, but kept right on.

"We have both lost the wagers anyhow," he argued.

Her only notice of his remarks was a slight heightening of color.

"And there is something I want very much to say to you."

Her color increased.

"Miss Camdon—Florence!"

"I mustn't," she half gasped. "I did wrong to run away from you."

"Well, wait for her, and I will too."

despair adds to the resourcefulness of some men, and suddenly the line of Fred's face hardened, and he raced past her up the hill. When he had gauged the distance and direction accurately, he turned and waved his hand at her as if waving goodbye, while his wheel went directly toward a log that lay by the roadside. A moment later he struck and whirled through the air, entangled with his wheel, with his arms and legs flying like a windmill. He was picking himself up as she passed. She wavered. The wheels wobbled as if she were going to alight, but she straightened up and disappeared over the crest of the hill.

His despair was complete. He didn't care if he had ruined his wheel or shattered his anatomy. His heart, however, was the only part of him that was injured, and it was rapidly sinking out of its normal position. He had certainly been mistaken. She did not care for him. He hadn't had such a fall in his life, and yet she had left him there to die, for all she knew. Of course he had intended to fall, but the next time he fell to attract the attention of a heartless girl he would do it on a bed of moss rather than on the side of a chestnut log and the rough edge of a gravel road. Without looking to see how much he had damaged himself, smarting inwardly and outwardly, he sat down on the log, buried his face in his hands and felt utterly miserable. He was beginning to hate himself, Florence, her aunt and the whole world when suddenly he felt a light hand on his shoulder.

"Oh, Fred, are you really hurt? I saw that you really intended to take that tumble, but it was horrid of me to go along without asking if you were hurt when I knew you had done it for my sake."

The humor of taking a header for any one's sake did not appeal to either of them just then.

"Are you hurt?"

It was his chance to sulk, and what man can resist sulking when he has the most charming girl in the world to coax him into good humor?

"Speak to me, Fred. You are not hurt, are you? Oh, you must be. Your jacket and—knicker-bockers are torn, and you must be. Shall I get you some water from the spring? Oh, do speak! Look up at me."

She pulled his hands from his face, and as he looked up he saw that there were tears in her eyes. Just then Florence gave a little scream.

"Oh, Fred, there is auntie coming over the hill!"

That was all the tonic he needed. Seizing her hands, he exclaimed hurriedly:

"Florence, you know why I wanted to be alone with you. I love you—have loved you for months—and now that I am going away I want to know if there is any hope for me. Will you be my wife?"

She looked down the road at the approaching Nemesis.

"Will you be my wife? I know I don't deserve you, but I will work; I will work. Some day you may love me a little."

She blushed, then glanced at the figure coasting down the hill.

"Yes, Fred; yes. Oh, do let us hurry away. Aunt will be here in a minute or two."

"Then you do love me?"

A moment later she was folded in his arms. What the sun saw and the chaperon suspected need not be described.

A moment later they were wheeling along side by side utterly oblivious of everything on earth but each other. When they reached the casino, the rest of the party had ordered their refreshments and were piling up a goodly bill for the loser—who was so infinitely a winner. He explained his loss by the tumble he had taken and praised Florence for her kindness in waiting for him. When the chaperon arrived, Florence's absentmindedness and high color and Fred's elation told her all. Not buttermilk nor ice cream nor all the soda sirups of the world could medicine her to that sweet peace of mind she had enjoyed before Fred had appeared on the scene. If she were not so far from home, she would probably have indulged in a fit of cultured hysterics, but she consoled herself with the thought that match-making is almost as enjoyable a sport as match-making.

Fred and Florence are not married yet and much is being done to worry them, but the reader may rest assured that it will not be long before a youth so resourceful will win the success that will enable him to come east and claim his bride.—Truth.

The Method For Women.

The legal and civil disabilities of women are a violation of human rights, an obvious abuse of power on the part of the strong, with the cruel axiom carved out in action—"might makes right."

Women are today fitted for civil liberty by the progress she has made and by the duties that have been thrust upon her by changed conditions, which compel her to labor outside of domestic life for her own and her children's support. Women are just as capable of judging and determining the use of just and equitable laws as are men, and have as strong a love of country and a patriotism as exalted and as pure.

Possessed of the voting power, women will stand before the law equal with men. They will be able to not only redress their own wrongs, but to vote for purer men. If women go to the polls, the better class of men will go—those who are now conspicuous by their absence, who have by their neglect turned municipal governments over to a class of men with whom they would not intrust their purse for ten seconds. Under such conditions every evil has been fostered that will drag down and ruin the youth of the land, for sons follow the father's example often more than the mother's counsel when they pass from under their control.

English municipalities are better governed than those of America. There women vote, and the ballot is a symbol of dignity as well as of liberty, for it alone can give real citizenship.—Elizabeth Lyle Saxon.

The Overskirt.

Occasionally on some of the latest gowns appears the overskirt, either real or else simulated by trimming. This week a city modiste completed a very handsome black grenadine gown made up over black moire, the watered silk showing with peculiarly rich effect through the meshes of the semitransparent black material. The bodice portion was made with a short point front and back. The underskirt of the black moire was closely gored on the front and sides and about one-third of the length just here was left plain. Below this, about seven inches above the knees, a deep Spanish flounce of the grenadine shirred at the top and finished with a deep hem was set upon the skirt. This flounce was made of straight breadths of the grenadine and extended to the back, where it met straight box plaited breadths of the moire lined grenadine, the grenadine here covering the entire watered silk underskirt, from belt to hem. The chief novelty of the gown was the addition of a rounded apron overskirt edged with a plaited chiffon frill that covered the plain moire silk on the front and sides at the top of the skirt disappearing at the back under the wide box plaits. The bodice trimming showed a combination of chiffon, black lace and jet ornament put on to simulate a yoke and a Spanish girdle.—New York Post.

Laura M. Johns.

Mrs. Laura M. Johns, organizer for the National American Woman Suffrage association, has completed her tour of Arizona, and has visited New Mexico on her way to Idaho. She has done good work in Arizona, having spoken more than 50 times during her organizing campaign, and established clubs in all the important settlements of their most intelligent and progressive women and men, which means good results for the future. The Tucson Daily Star says:

Mrs. Johns has made a host of friends for herself and the cause she so heroically and eloquently represents, and the present and future Arizona is and will be greatly indebted to her for the principles planted in the minds of the people, which will soon come to full fruition, as they have in Wyoming, Colorado and Utah. When this good time comes to Arizona, this brave, eloquent, indefatigable worker in the cause of justice to her sex will be crowned the "suffrage queen of the new orient."

The Newest Sweater.

The newest sweater is made with a deep pointed V shaped yoke, which is outlined with little knots of the wool. The sleeves are decidedly puffed, though it is said that before long the sweater is to discard entirely this frill of fashion and that the sleeves in sweaters for both men and women are to be made alike—small. Sweaters in two colors are much more the vogue than in one. Beige and white and fawn and dark blue are new color combinations.

The sailor collar is now as much worn as the one which is straight, merely rolling over a little at the top, and, of course, every well regulated sweater buttons on the shoulders.—Chicago Times-Herald.

It Didn't Frighten Her.

Miss Kingsley, the African traveler, gives an amusing account in The Young Woman of the beginning of her love of adventure. She was at the Canary islands, and hearing "very dreadful accounts of the dangers and horrors of traveling in west Africa," she felt she must go, out of mere female curiosity. She continues: "I asked a man who knew the country what I should find most useful to take out with me, and he replied, 'An introduction to the Wesleyan mission, because they have a fine horse and plumes at the station and would be able to give you a grand funeral.'"

"I have a dear little baby, and am well. I thank Mrs. Pinkham for this, and so could other motherless women. I was a victim of Female troubles. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cured me."

Mrs. Geo. C. KIRCHNER, 361 Snediker Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

LE BRUN'S FOR EITHER SEX. This remedy being selected directly to the seat of those diseases of the Genito-Urinary Organs, requires no change of diet. Cures guaranteed in 1 to 3 days. Small plain package, by mail, \$1.00. Sold only by

DR. C. H. SCOTT, Rooms 23 and 24, Metropolitan Block, Lima, Ohio. CHILDREN'S DISEASES A SPECIALTY. Office Hours—8 to 11 a. m. 2 to 4 p. m. 7 to 9 p. m.

Spring Fruits. Included in the twenty-five year.

Gripes, and such annoying ailments, cured by

LIGHTNING HOT DROPS. Quickly and surely, nothing better, for equal it, in Cramps, Cholera, Malaria and Stomach or Bowel Troubles, and pains of all kinds. 50c bottle holds 25 times as much as a 10c bottle.

HERB MEDICINE CO., SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.

Allen B. Whisley's OLD COUNTRY SOAP. BEST and LARGEST BAR

of Good Soap. Ever Sold for 5c. Not the best CHEAP soap But the cheapest GOOD soap. Sold Everywhere

Two Questions ! ? ? ? ? ?

Are you Awake to the fact that there are men all around you who want Custom Made Clothing?

Are you Aware of the fact that you can make plenty of money by taking Orders for the same? Write for particulars.

Jacobs Brothers, 15 to 21 Lafayette Place, NEW YORK CITY.

Erie Railroad. Time Card in Effect June 14th, 1896. From LIMA, OHIO.

TRAINS WEST. Depart. No. 5 Vestibule Limited, daily, for Chicago and the West. 11:23 a. m. No. 2 Express, daily, except Sunday, for Chicago and the West. 12:37 a. m. No. 1 Express, daily, except Sunday, for Chicago and the West. 8:23 a. m. No. 31 Local Freight, daily, except Sunday. 7:40 a. m. No. 12 Well Fargo Limited Express, daily, except Monday. 6:30 p. m.

TRAINS EAST. No. 8 Vestibule Limited, daily, for New York and Boston. 8:02 p. m. No. 2 Express, daily, except Sunday, for New York. 2:46 a. m. No. 32 Local Freight, daily, except Sunday. 7:00 a. m. Trains 13 will not run days following legal holidays. Through coaches and sleeping cars to New York and Boston. FRANK C. MCCOY, Agent. W. G. MACEDONARD, Trav. Pass. Act., Huntington, Ind.

Restored Manhood. DR. MOTT'S NERVE PILLS. The great remedy for nervous prostration and all nervous diseases of the generative system of either sex, such as Nervous Prostration, Failing or Lost Manhood, Impotency, Nightly Emissions, Yonkers Errors, Mental Worry, excessive use of Tobacco or Opium, which lead to Consumption and Insanity. With every \$5 order we give a written guarantee to cure or refund the money. Sold at \$1.00 per box, 6 boxes for \$5.00. DR. MOTT'S CHEMICAL COMPANY, Cleveland, Ohio. H. F. Vorkamp, n. e. cor Main and North streets.

LE BRUN'S FOR EITHER SEX. This remedy being selected directly to the seat of those diseases of the Genito-Urinary Organs, requires no change of diet. Cures guaranteed in 1 to 3 days. Small plain package, by mail, \$1.00. Sold only by

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THE POSTOFFICE

Enjoys the biggest trade in town, but as we claim to have always been next to the postoffice, (next door) it was fitting that, the latter having vacated its old quarters, we should take possession. So that's what we did, and this

OFFICIAL NOTICE

Is printed so that everybody may know it. It is important that you should know where to find us, for it wouldn't do to have people dropping dead in the street, not knowing where to find us, when we have a whole store full of medicines, with which we gladly save all the lives we can. So, henceforth,

IF ANYTHING'S THE MATTER WITH YOU, GO TO THE POSTOFFICE.

The old postoffice, of course, not the new. There in the future, as in the past, you may feel sure your prescriptions will always be carefully compounded, and at reasonable prices.

See our splendid new line of Fine Perfumes.

WM. M. MELVILLE,

THE DRUGGIST.

OLD POSTOFFICE CORNER.

THE TIMES-DEMOCRAT.

THE TIMES-DEMOCRAT PUBLISHING CO.

COUNTING ROOM 221 NORTH MAIN ST.

TELEPHONE CALL NO. 34.

ABOUT PEOPLE.

Who They Are, Where They Have Been or are Going

E. E. Wolf, of Mendon, is in the city.

Chas. F. Price went to Toledo this morning.

Guy Folk left this morning for Mansfield.

Miss Robinson, of Bradford, is the guest of her brother.

Jimmy Heffner will spend the Fourth at Columbus Grove.

R. J. Pabodie will spend the 4th with his parents at Cincinnati.

Miss Lenore Freeman is visiting her uncle, W. P. Orr, at Piqua.

Will Klatte went to Chicago this morning to visit his brother, Ben.

Mrs. Geo. Milbourn, of Columbus, will spend the Fourth at O. L. Mowen's.

Albert and Annie Kock, of Wapakoneta, were in the city this afternoon.

Mrs. Frank Stillson, of east High street, left to-day for a visit in Bluffton, Ind.

Mr. and Mrs. Henderson Bowman left this morning for Convey to spend the Fourth.

Grace Bickel, of Indianapolis, will be the guest of Miss Carrie Cross for a few days.

Edgar Seal, of St. Johns avenue, left to-day for Bellbrook, Ohio, to visit his aunt.

Earnest Hadsell will spend the Fourth in Chillicothe with his friend, Jacob Seigrist.

Mrs. S. A. Lamson left this afternoon to visit her sister, Mrs. David Kates at Leipsic.

Mrs. Ted Whitman, of Muncie, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Roberts, of west Spring street.

F. A. Harrod, of Cleveland, is visiting his sister, Mrs. Geo. Kerr, of west Wayne street.

John Walker and wife and daughter, are visiting his daughter, Leota, at North Baltimore.

Mr. J. C. Daugherty is on an extended visit among friends in Indiana and Kentucky.

Engineer McMahon, of the C. & D., and wife, will spend the 4th with friends at Dayton.

C. F. Metheany and wife and Thos. Morton will spend the Fourth with relatives at Piqua.

Rev. J. G. Neiffer, of Dayton, is spending a few days in Lima, the guest of his many friends.

Mrs. Theo. Feist, of Harrison avenue, went to St. Marys for a visit with friends, this morning.

Miss Marie Whitmer, of West Wayne street, went to Spencerville to visit friends over Sunday.

G. E. Coppel and wife, of Decatur, Ind., are guests of D. H. Coppel, of 224 south Main street.

Miss Mary Lear, of Wapakoneta, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Luther Kiefer, of south Jackson street.

Mrs. Louise Morrill, of West Wayne street, left this morning for Ft. Wayne to spend the Fourth.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Page, of East North street, went to Ft. Wayne this morning to visit her mother.

George P. McGuire, of South Main street, left this morning for a visit with his son, Robert, in Chicago.

J. J. Hazard, who has been in the city for the past few days in the interest of the Cincinnati Commercial,

THWARTED

A Secret Scheme to Organize a McKinley Club

A DISGRACEFUL MEETING

Controlled by the Ever Alert Forakerites. — Brilliant Oratory and Bids of Hope. — Old Sherman-Foraker Faction — A Fight Renewed.

There is no use talking, or trying to bring it about. You can't fix it, so George Hall and Jim Halfhill will sleep in the same bed. Every time they try it they get to talking about the distribution of prospective patronage, and one or the other is furiously ejected from under the cover. For several moons George has been catapulted. It has come with such a degree of regularity that his political bosom grew sore, and his heart yearned for revenge. Last week he thought the occasion ripe for administering a knock out dose with pain, so, mustering a few of his faithful followers, he corralled them in the county surveyor's office, Saturday night, for the purpose of taking the preliminary steps toward the organization of the Allen County McKinley Club, in which Hall had arranged to dictate the officers. To carry out the plan, committees were appointed on permanent organization, and to solicit membership. No slip was made up to this time, and, thinking he had a turn key clinch on the situation, he made bold to notify the publishers of the Gazette that such a meeting had been held, its object and the names of the gentlemen composing the committees. Then came the regularly ordained break. The Campbells, true to Foraker and Halfhill, refused to publish the committee, and a wordy war ensued. On the surface hostilities ceased until last night, when the Sherman-Hall people collected in the court house to carry their scheme into execution. They came with vituperative views of consulships, marshalships, governorships, and the offering of a McKinley club fitting in rapid succession before them at the rate of forty-two to the second, just the number of McKinley men there were at the secret meeting held Saturday night. But lo, and behold there appeared a mountain of Halfhill satellites. A scrap was at once imminent. All hands knew it couldn't be prevented, so to give the belligerents an even start, and to add a modicum of tone to the event, Rev. Richard Wallace was chosen chairman in the hope that his selection would at least insure against loss of life. A few, fearful of his ability in that line, had the wise precaution to take out accident policies.

Mr. George Hall, by the grace of the chair took the floor, because he knew he couldn't take the meeting, and announced the object of the boil to be the formation of the Allen County McKinley Club. Geo. Kahl, a budding politician, who hasn't said anything for ninety days, but will talk for the next three days, because he's tickled, here jumped to his feet and delivered an address that Halfhill had written for him, during the afternoon. He said: "Fellow factions! I note with fear and trembling this attempt upon the part of George Hall and Jim Halfhill to break up the Republican party in Allen county, and in which I take so much interest. We have a club. Some of us have used it on others of us. It is known as the Allen County Republican Club. This dastardly attempt to organize another club, antagonistic to the McKinley club, is made by men who sought to control the old club, and failed, and who now hope to hold the offices of president and secretary of the proposed new club. It will never do. The Allen County Republican Club has spent two thousand dollars. I tell you we won't have it. [Applause]"

Halfhill, mayor of the Sixth ward, and Sam Fletcher, was next recognized, and had he turned Jim Ogden over the way he did Jim Hall the recent damage case against the Gazette would have resulted in a verdict for the defendant. He charged George with plugging the Republican party in Allen county with zinc, in the face of the St. Louis declaration for gold; he branded him as a party disrupter, and a ruler of Republican chances in Allen county; he proclaimed him (Hall) as red headed because he couldn't run everything else, in addition to his teeth drilling machine, and wound up by an intimation that the Doctor did not at all ways make use of the truth to accomplish his political ends.

Hall was evidently in pain, yet he managed to smile a nitrous oxide smile while saying that had it not been for the statement of the two gentlemen (preceding him) he would never have known there was a Republican club in Lima, except the one from the South Side, and he wouldn't have known that if he hadn't seen Sam Fletcher "baton" the air.

Thus the fur flew, and other things flew. Farmer, Hall, Henderson, Halfhill and Lewis, who had been drawn into the combat by certain charges made against him engaged in the most disgraceful political melee of the year. All grew excited, and such endearing epithets as "Hall," "Fletcher," etc., were handed from one to another with great agility.

In the midst of the hubbub, and just at the time when a few of the brothers were getting ready to throw chairs, Jim Halfhill nominated Sam Fletcher for president of an organization to be known as the Auxiliary Campaign Club to Allen County Republican club. The Foraker crowd being in the majority closed the nomination and declared Fletcher elected. The meeting then adjourned, to be followed by a personal encounter between the junior editor of the Gazette and Hall, in which the latter charged the former with bigotry, malicious partnership, and with conducting a narrow-minded, one-sided press, to which Campbell replied with vehemence. His remarks are not given here, out of respect to a brother journalist.

Later Hall called his clan together and attempted to organize a McKinley club on his own hook, with the aid of Henderson. The latter, while addressing the populace, was frequently interrupted by cat-calls from the dress circle and cries from Farmer and Halfhill. "That's right, Henderson, you are always in for a fight," etc.

Lewis, who had been charged with allegiance to Hall, after being discharged from a government position because he declared fealty to Foraker, at this juncture notified the crowd that unless it stopped its factional fights, he would cease the practice of law long enough to organize an anti-faction club, composed of the young bloods of the Republican party, as against the old fossils, who started the present fight years ago, and that he would do them all up.

At midnight, the memorable meeting adjourned, subject to the call of Hall, who declared that he would have a McKinley club in Lima or break a trace.

FAVORS BONDING

If the Bonds are for Building Shops and Employing Men.

WORKMAN GIVES HIS VIEWS

Upon the Various Proposals to Bond the City. He is in Favor of Bonds for Shops, but Opposed to Bonds for Buildings or to Pave Streets.

Mr. Editor I have been reading your paper and in its columns I have found a great many things said by people in regard to what the people of Lima should do. The topics most frequently discussed are school buildings, street improvements and once in a while I hear the statement made that Lima should be bonded and raise dollars to bring manufacturing shops, railroad shops, etc., to the city and for fear you might think I had an original idea I shall not change subjects but will confine myself to the public text.

Lima, according to the city clerk's annual report, has a bonded indebtedness of \$459,700 bearing interest at 5 and 6 per cent. Now this is not a large indebtedness if it was created for proper purposes. I think that we can afford to increase our debt by bonds if we use the money to build shops and necessary institutions, but if the money is to go to some foolish or unnecessary purpose or to some work that will not increase the tax duplicate or give more permanent employment to labor then I think Lima has all the debt she can pay or can afford to assume.

WEDDED.

Miss Julia Ackerman and Mr. Harold B. Adams.

Yesterday afternoon at 4:30 o'clock occurred a pretty home wedding at the home of the bride's brother, President Carl Ackerman, on Jamison avenue. The contracting parties were Mr. Harold B. Adams, of Tiffin, O., and Miss Julia C. Ackerman, of our city.

The bridal party entered the parlor to the sweet strains of the wedding march from Lohengrin played by Miss Katherine Lehmann and under a canopy of smilax and sweet peas the impressive ceremony which made them man and wife was performed by the bride's brother, Rev. Ackerman.

The house was tastefully decorated with palms and vines, sweet peas and potted plants, the prevailing colors being pink and white. The bride wore a beautiful traveling gown of brown Persian.

After congratulations the guests sat down to a dainty wedding supper. The table linen at the bride's table was a precious heirloom of the bride, having been spun by her great great-grandmother.

This wedding is of unusual interest in musical circles. Miss Ackerman is a graduate of Wooster University, and has for the past three years been principal of the successful music department of the Lima college and is secretary of the State Music Teacher's association. Mr. Adams is a teacher and a pianist of wide experience and has for the past ten years held the principalship of music department of Heidelberg university, and has on several occasions been honored with a position as soloist in state association meetings. He has been called to Lima college and in connection with his wife will have charge of the musical interests of this rising institution.

Amid a shower of rice and old shoes the happy couple left last evening for Tiffin. They will be at home to their friends at Lima, Ohio, after August 10.

The guests included the members of the Lima college faculty and their wives, Miss Mayne Peat and Rev. T. W. Hobbing of this city, Miss Oriana Schaaf, of Attica, Ohio, and Mrs. Dr. Barnhill and daughter, Helen, of Columbus.

DAYTON ROAD RACE.

Harry Armstrong, of this City, Wins a Prize, Passing Many Riders.

The twenty five mile road race at Dayton yesterday was one of the largest events of the kind ever given in the state. There were more than a hundred entries, and ninety-four riders started. The limit was 121 minutes, and the scratch men were Fahrig, of Middletown; Furman, of Oran, and Brown, of Bloomdale.

J. S. Kepler, of Dayton, with a nine-minute handicap, won first place in 1:13:22. Roy LeFever, also of Dayton, who won first place at first time in the road race at this place last year, won first time prize. He had a handicap of three minutes over the scratch men, and covered the distance in 1:08:05:25, finishing in fifth place. Wagner and Boham, of Dayton, won second and third time prizes, respectively.

Harry Armstrong, of this city, started with a bunch of riders on the 10:30 mark, and with 36 men ahead of him at the start, finished in fifteenth place, winning a prize. F. M. Keeton started a minute behind him, but failed to get a prize position.

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In the first place let us talk about the school building. It appears to me that the main reason the west school building must be condemned is because of the people living in its vicinity. Most of Lima's wealthy people live in the west part of the city and they look upon the west building as being unfit for their children. They think Lima's 409 should have the most beautiful building for her youth, and I have my opinion upon the following facts.

First, our previous board of education was solicited to condemn the said building because it was not safe, but that board in its wisdom had the building examined by the state building inspector, and what was the report of the inspector? Did he report the building dangerous or unsafe? No! he reported the building safe, and the only fault he found was its sanitation. Of course that never was any better. But still some invisible power keeps forcing itself upon the public and the board of education that the report of the state building inspector is false and that the building is unsafe.

And as soon as our new board of education assumed its duties one of its first tasks was to look after the west building and condemn it if possible. Why this action after the state building inspector's report? Is there anyone in Lima who earnestly and honestly believes that the west school building is not as safe as it was 15 years since? If so, upon what facts do you base your belief?

Our new board in response to the clamor made that the building be condemned, appointed a committee of responsible contractors to examine the building and what was their report? Did they report the building unsafe? No! they said it was safe. Especially did they say it would be safe if the bell was removed and that sparrow incubator torn from the roof. Why not do this?

But now after receiving report after report, that the building was safe by building inspectors and contractors, we yet hear it is not safe. Now let us hear from those persons who keep protesting and proclaiming that the building is unsafe. Where is that committee who have an influence that can keep our board hearing its protests over and above the reports of building inspectors and contractors? I do not want the children of the west side to go to school in a dangerous building, but according to official reports it is safe, and I think it is wrong to try and scare the people into putting up a new building by raising false reports.

The only ground upon which this report is based is that ringing the bell jars the building. Did it not always do that? And further, if these people are so frightened because of the jar of the bell why not take the bell down and remove that sparrow incubator from the building, as you were advised by the report of the committee of contractors? In my mind nothing is more foolish than this cottage plan. You go to an expense to build them, then in one year you have a number of cheap buildings on hand and no use for them.

The talk about putting up cheap cottages, will prove to be all bosh. It will do to talk about until it is accepted. They must be built warm enough for winter and substantial enough to resist the winds, and they must be properly ventilated, etc. If these things are not to be observed, why not remain in the old building?

The next subject is the paving question. I for one am very much in favor of paving the streets, and I believe the city made a mistake in not paying its streets from the beginning. I am satisfied that Main street has cost Lima twice as much to pave it and keep it in repair as it would have cost to pave it.

But the question before the people is—shall the city of Lima bear part of the expense of paving the streets?

To this I am emphatically opposed. I wish Spring, Market and all other streets in the city were paved; but let the adjoining property owners and those who desire to donate, pay for it. It is the property adjoining that will be benefited and if it has any effect on the property of improved streets or those lying at a distance, it will be detrimental; it will decrease, not increase, its value. It will do this inasmuch as it will cause those persons seeking property to go to the streets most improved. It will cause those who walk the streets and drive fine steeds to never look upon our streets. Eventually we become the abandoned part of the city, with property, but valueless. And further, the poor man who holds a lot on the outskirts of the city pays a tax on something he never uses or enjoys. To illustrate. Some of our oldest and most respected citizens in Lima, who have lived here for thirty years and paid taxes every year to pave Market, Main and other streets and to lay sewers all over the city, but a few weeks since asked the council to extend the sewer line on north Jackson street, from Pearl street to the Pittsburg railroad tracks that they could drain their cellars, which had been condemned by the health officers because they were damp. Their petition was read and tabled or referred to some committee and there perished. That is the way the poor or laboring people, who have been paying taxes for others, are treated when they ask to be given the same rights they helped to give others.

Some of our laboring people who live on the outskirts of the city and back streets have helped to pave every street in Lima and now are asked to help remove the pike and place a pavement of some kind in its stead, while they have to reach their homes in wet weather by wading through the mud, perhaps half knee deep.

I maintain that it is not the best policy for the purpose of property holders on the side streets; further because it is hardly probable that the side and so called less prominent streets will ever be paved, and if it should ever come to pass, in all probability by that time the people of Lima will advocate the same doctrine I now advocate, and the council then will perhaps obey them or be of the same mind themselves. But the third idea advocated by such men as our Honorable Mayor I endorse most heartily. I hope and trust that all persons will do all in their power to bring as many shops and factories within our corporate limits as in our power.

Industries that will give employment to our labor, that themselves will add to the tax duplicate many thousands of dollars and cause buildings to spring up all over our city; that will decrease our taxes by enlarging our city and the amount of our taxable property. Our public square cost Lima \$20,000, but if Lima gives \$20,000 towards bringing shops to the city and thereby giving employment to its labor, saying nothing about the improvement and wealth it adds to the city, it will be worth four times as much to Lima's poor and rich alike as the public square.

REG. NICK.

Barbers and the Fourth.
All Union barber shops will be open on Friday July 4th, until midnight, and will close at noon on Saturday, July 4th.
JOHN SAGEL, President
J. L. HARTZOG, Sec'y and Treas.
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